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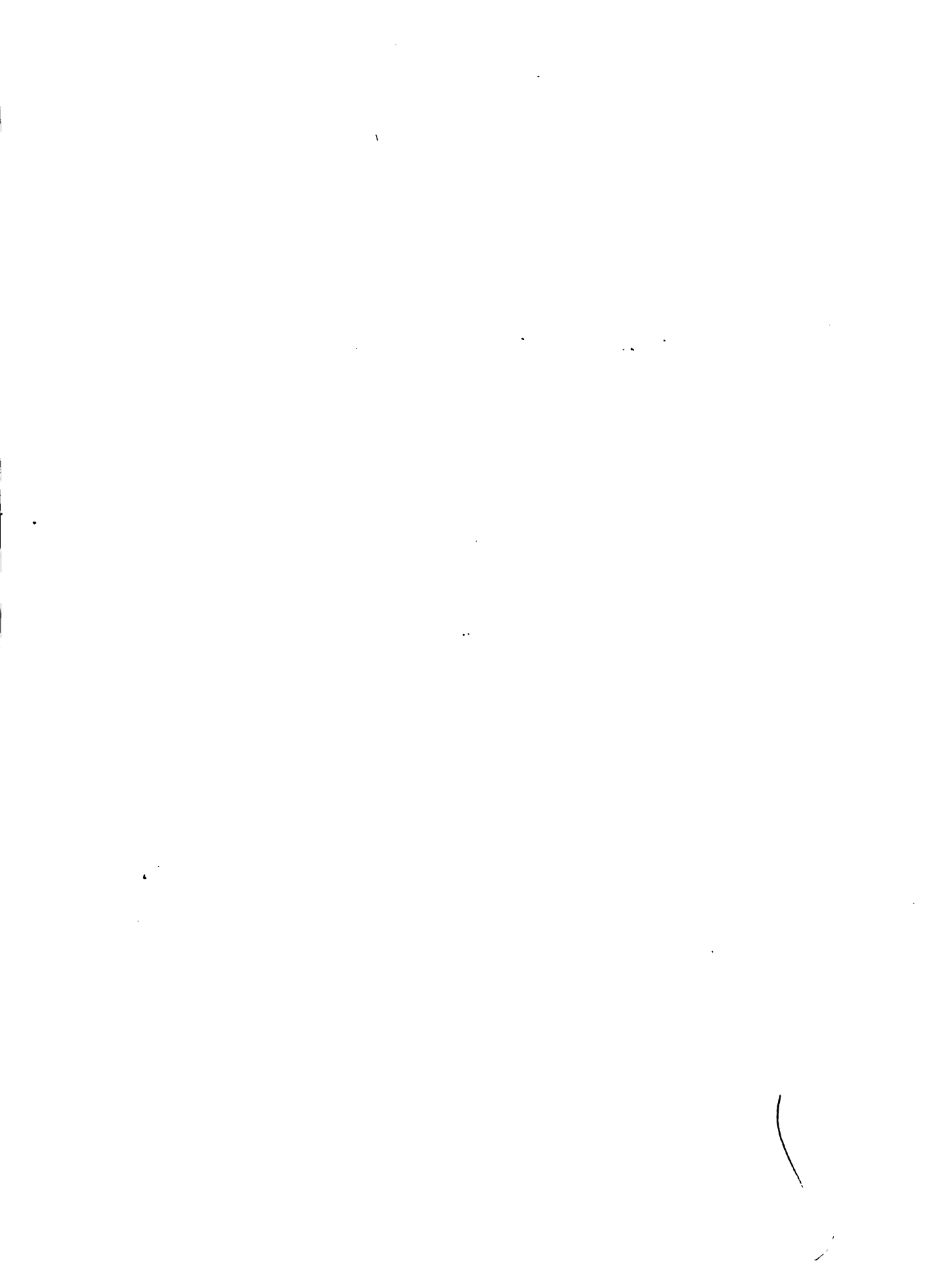
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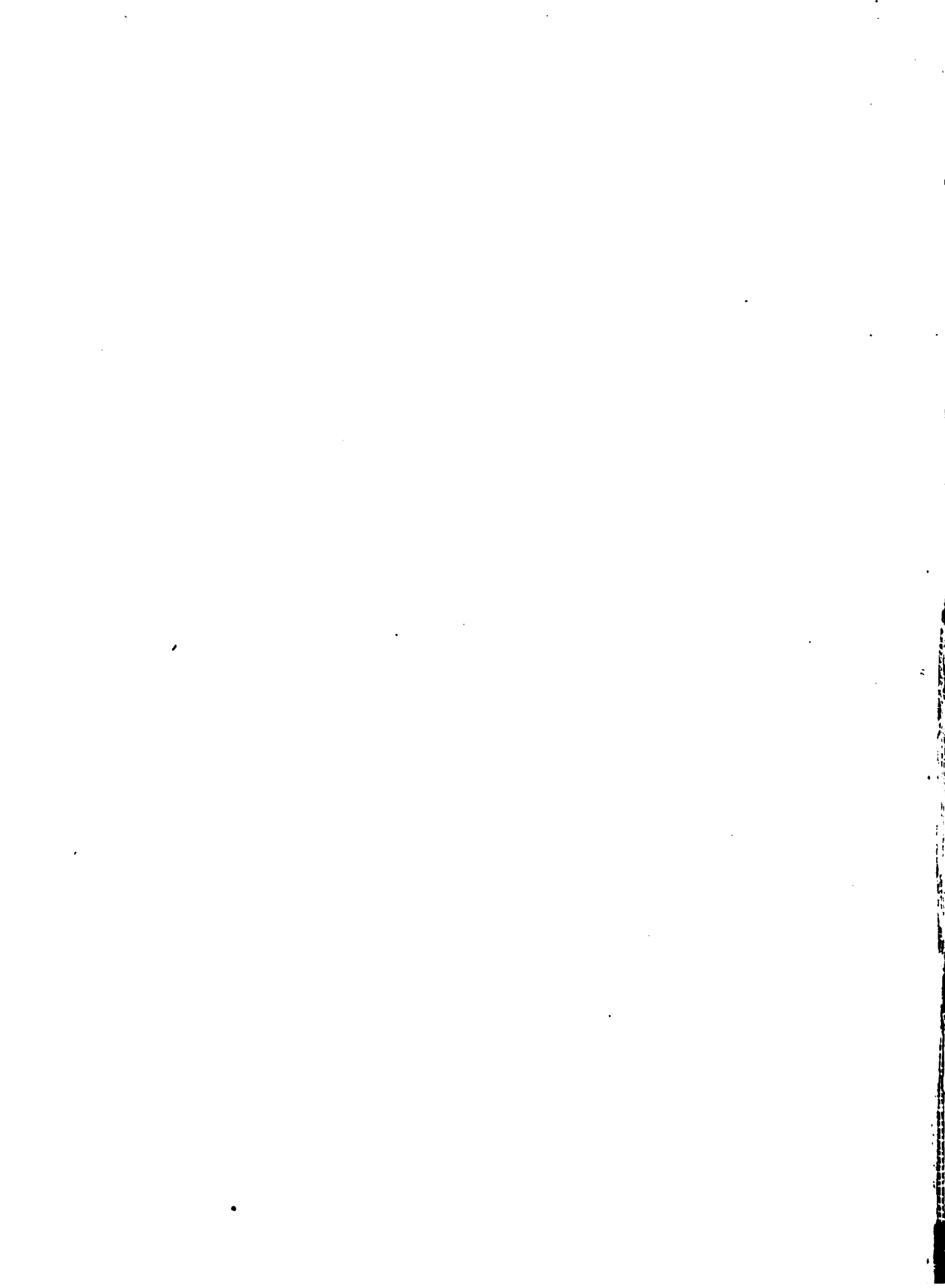


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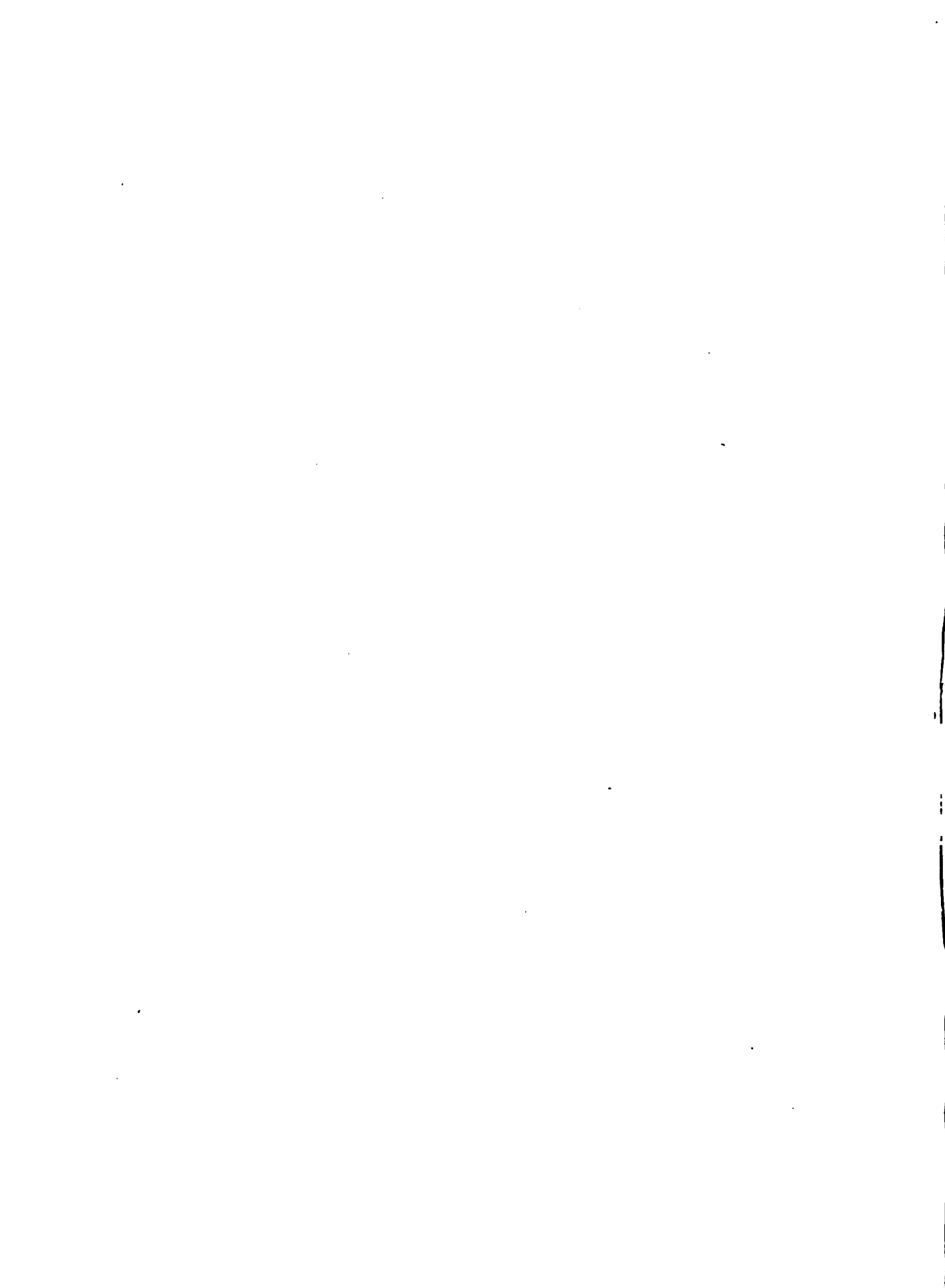
Ferrex and Porrex
Ferrex and Porrex

THOMAS SACKVILLE AND THOMAS NORTON

Date of Representation, Christmas Revels 1561-2

Date of Authorised Edition, 1570-1

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908



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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

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Ferrex and Porrex [or Gorboduc]

BY

THOMAS SACKVILLE AND THOMAS NORTON

1570-I

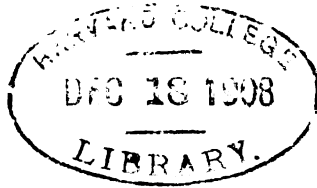
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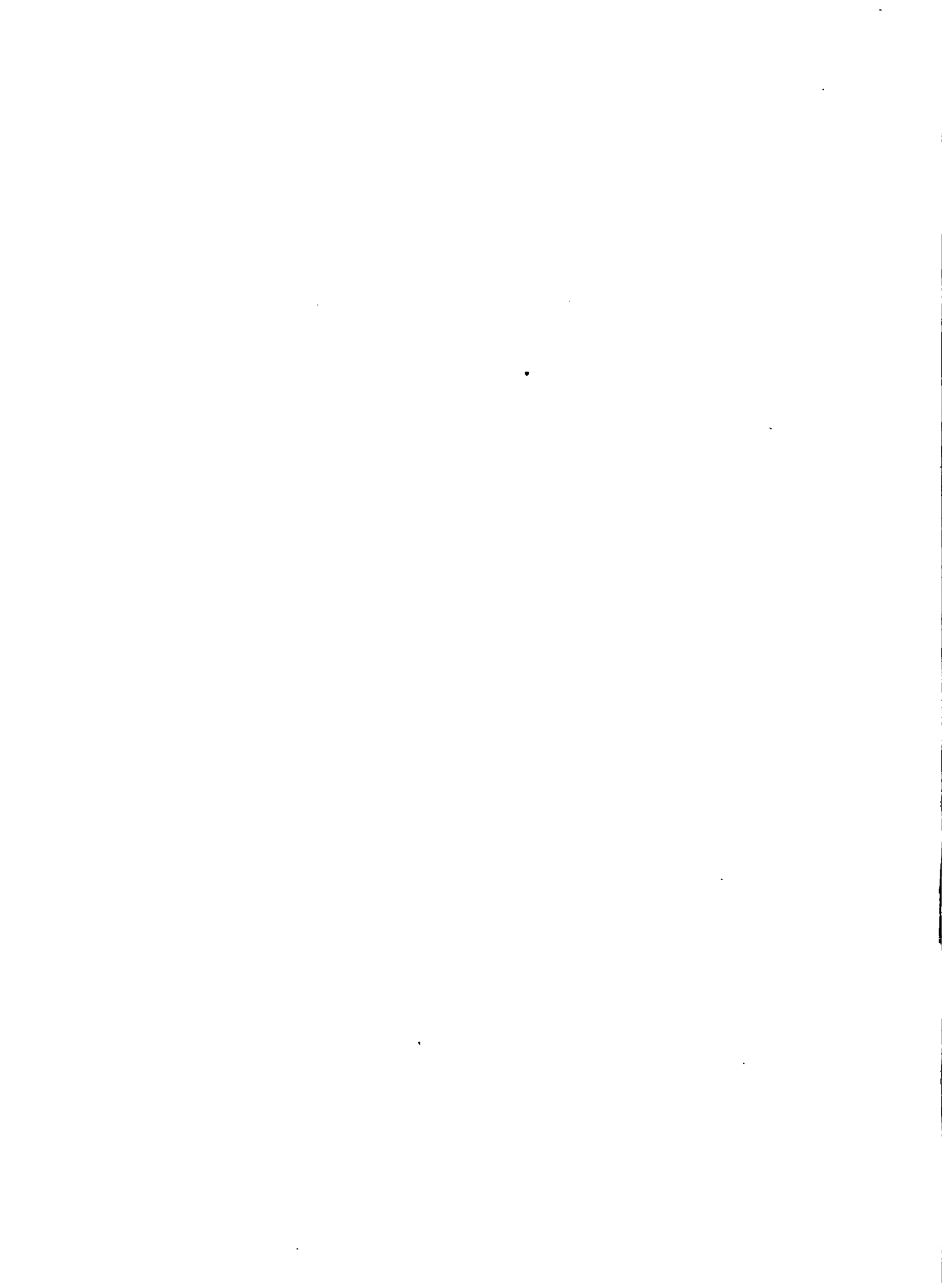
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Minot fund



Ferrex and Porrex

[or Corboduç]

BY THOMAS SACKVILLE AND THOMAS NORTON

The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum (Press-mark C. 34, a. 6). It is dated in the Catalogue "[1570]."

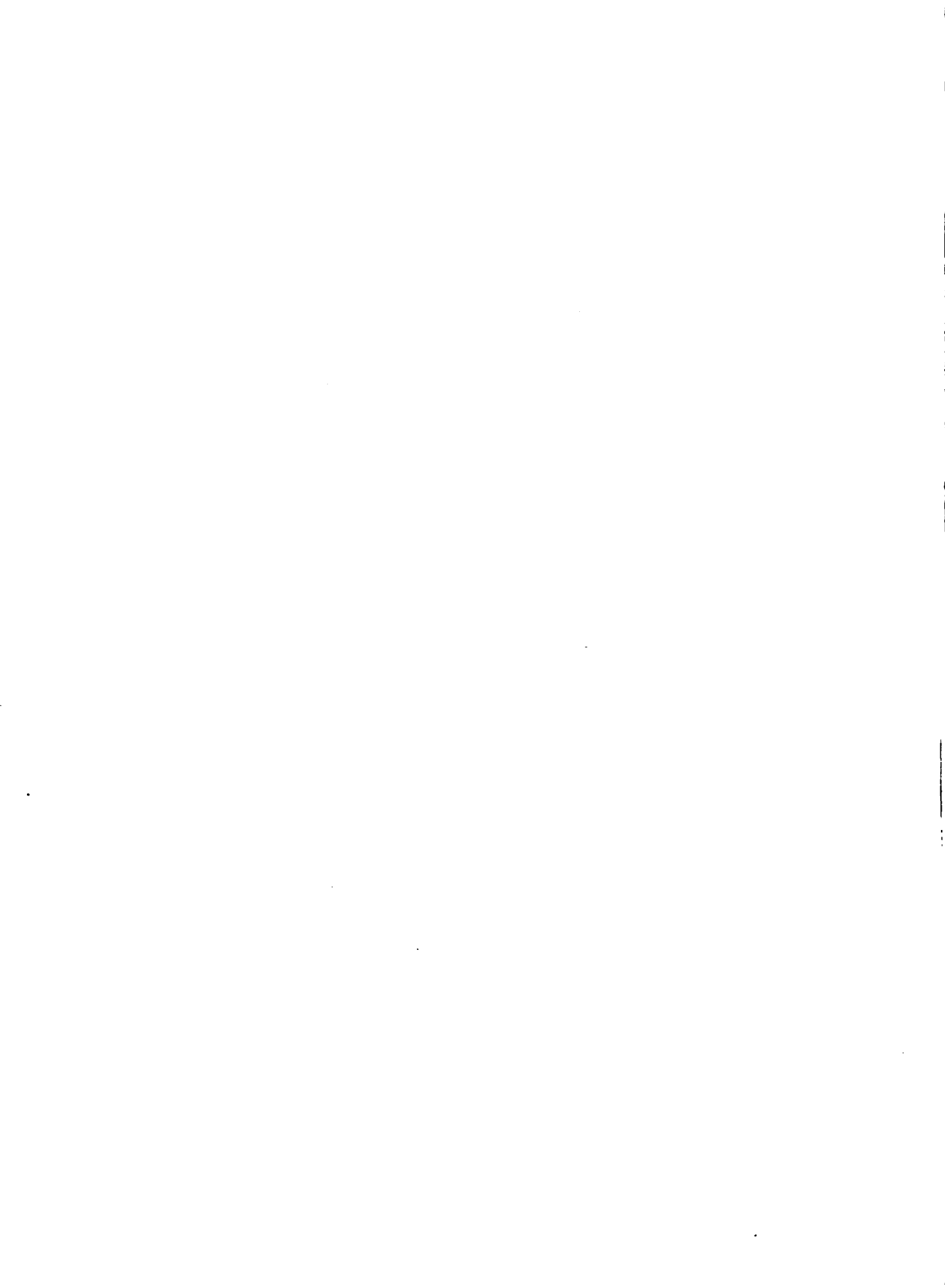
An earlier and unauthorised edition appeared in 1565, the circumstance being alluded to in "The P to the Reader" in the authorised edition.

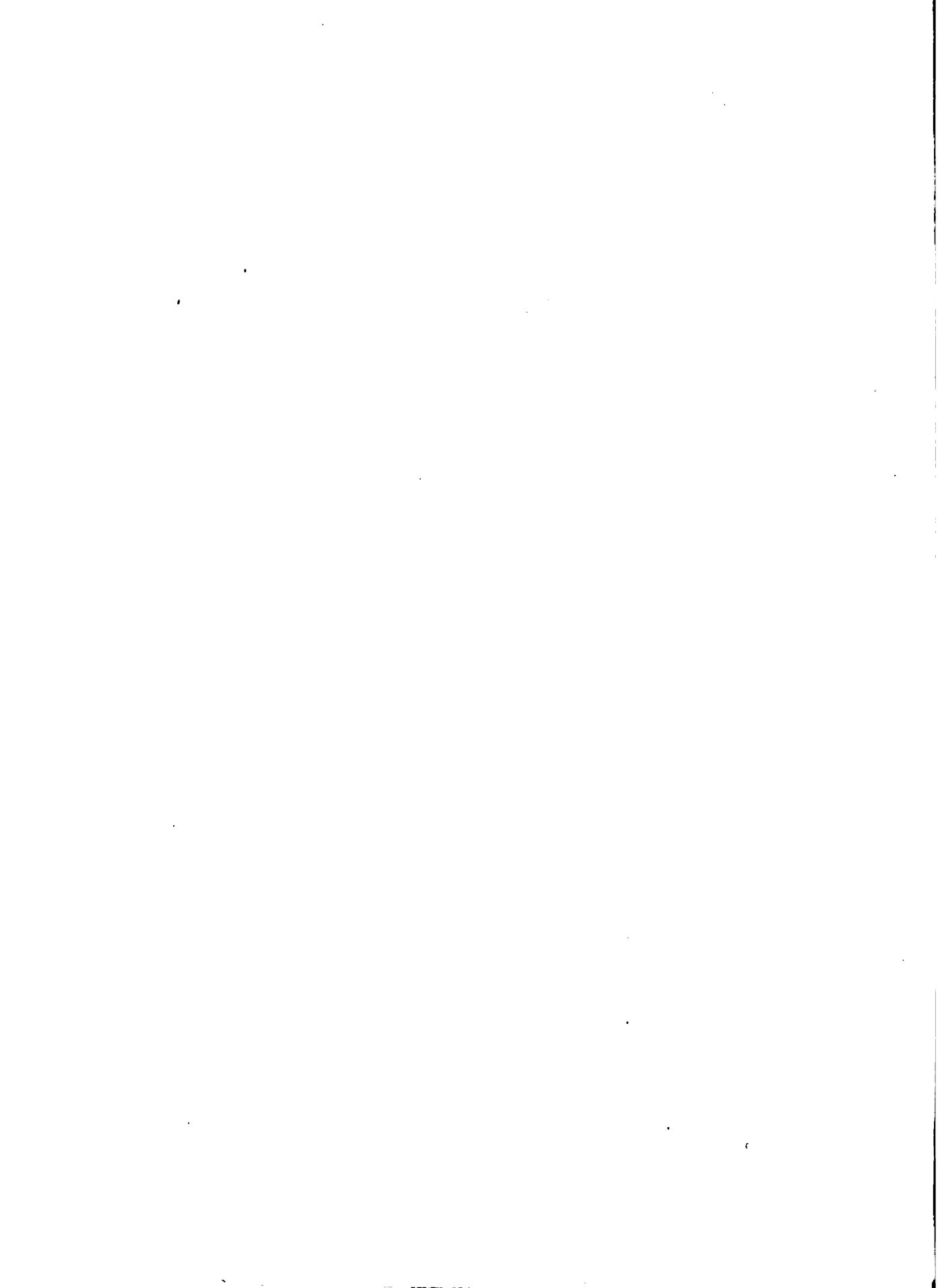
The authors are exhaustively dealt with in "The Dictionary of National Biography."

The play has been frequently reprinted in modern times, but never before in facsimile. Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum after comparing this facsimile with the original says, "It is most excellently reproduced, and I have found practically no excuse for even the minutest fault-finding."

The text is complete, but the Museum Catalogue remarks that their copy is "wanting last leaf of Sig. D, blank."

JOHN S. FARMER.





¶ The Tragidie of Ferrex
and Porrex,

set forth without addition or alte-
ration but altogether as the same was shewed
on stage before the Queenes Maiestie,
about nine yeares past, *vz.* the
xviij. day of Ianuarie. 1561.
by the gentlemen of the
Inner Temple.

Seen and allowed, &c.

Imprinted at London by
Iohn Daye, dwelling ouer
Aldersgate.

The argument of the Tragedie.

Gorboduc king of Brittain, divided his realme in his life time to his sonnes, Ferrex and Porrex. The sonnes fell to discention. The yonger killed the elder. The mother that more dearely loued the elder, for reuenge killed the yonger. The people moued with the crueltie of the fact, rose in rebellion and slew both father and mother. The nobilitie assembled and most terribly destroyed the rebels. And afterwards for want of issue of the pynce whereby the succession of the crowne became vncertaine, they fell to ciuill warre, in which both they and many of their issues were slaine, and the land for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted.







¶ The P. to the Reader.

Where this Tragedie was for furniture of part of the grand Christmasse in the Inner Temple first written about nine yeares agoe by the right honourable Thomas now Lozde Buckherst, and by T. Hoxtan, and after shewed befoze her Maiestie, and neuer intended by the authoꝝ thereof to be published: yet one W. G. getting a copie therof at some ponguans hand that lacked a little money and much discretion, in the last great plague. an. 1565. about v. yeares past, while the said Lozde was out of England, and T. Hoxtan farre out of London, and neither of them both made prouise, put it forth exceedingly corrupted: euen as if by meanes of a broker for hire, he should haue entiled into his house a faire maide and done her villanie, and after all to belcratched her face, tozme her appareil, becraped and disfigured her, and then thrust her out of doores dishonestly. In such plight after long wandring she came at length home to the sight of her frendes who scant knew her but by a few tokens and markes remainyng. They, the authoꝝ I meane, though they were very much displeas'd that she so ranne abroad without leaue, whereby she caught her shame, as many swantons do, yet seeing the case as it is remediable, haue for common honestie and shamefastnesse new apparelled, trummed, and attired her in such forme as she was befoze. In which better forme since she hath come to me, I haue harbored her for her frendes sake and her owne, and I do not dout her parentes the authoꝝ will not now be discontent that she goe abroad among you good readers, so it be in honest companie. For she is by my encouragement and others somewhat lesse ashamed of the dishonestie done to her because it was by fraude and force. If she be welcome among you and gently entertained, in fauor of the house from wher she is descended, and of her owne nature courteously disposed to offend no man, her frendes will thanke you for it. If not, but that she shall be still reproched with her former mischance, or quarrelled at by enuious persons, she poore gentlewoman wil surely play Lucreces part, & of her self die for shame, and I shall wishe that she had taried still at home with me, wher she was welcome: for she did neuer put me to more charge, but this one poore blacke gowne lined with white that I haue now geuen her to goe abroad among you withall.

A. y.

¶ The

¶ The names of the Speakers.

- ✓ Gorboduc, King of great Brittain.
 - ✓ Videna, Queene and wife to king Gorboduc.
 - ✓ Ferrex, elder sonne to king Gorboduc.
 - ✓ Porrex, younger sonne to king Gorboduc.
 - ✓ Cloyton, Duke of Cornwall.
 - ✓ Fergus, Duke of Albanie.
 - ✓ Mandud, Duke of Loegris.
 - ✓ Gwenard, Duke of Cumberland.
 - ✓ Fabulus, Secretarie to the king.
 - ✓ Arosius, a counsellor to the king.
 - ✓ Dordan, a counsellor assigned by the king to his eldest sonne Ferrex.
 - ✓ Philander, a counsellor assigned by the king to his youngest sonne Porrex.
- § Both being of the oldest
kingses counsell before.
- ✓ Hermon, a parasite remaining with Ferrex.
 - ✓ Tyndar, a parasite remaining with Porrex.
 - ✓ Nuntius, a messenger of the elder brothers death.
 - ✓ Nuntius, a messenger of Duke Fergus rising in armes.
 - ✓ Marcella, a lady of the Quenes privie chamber.
 - ✓ Chorus, foure ancient and sage men of Brittain.

CThe



**The order of the Dommage shew
before the first act, and the sig-
nification thereof.**

- **F**irst the Musicke of Triolente began to play, during which came in vpon the stage sixe wilde men clothed in leaues. Of whom the first bare in his necke a fagot of small sticke, which they all both seuerally and together assayed with all their strengthes to breake, but it could not be broken by them. At the length one of them plucked out one of the sticke and brake it: And the rest plucking out all the other sticke one after an other did easely breake them, the same being seuered: which being conioyned they had before attempted in vaine. After they had this done, they departed the stage, and the Musicke ceased. Hereby was signified, that a state knit in vnicie doth continue strong against all force. But being diuided, is easely destroyed. As befell vpon Duke Goboduc diuiding his land to his two sonnes which he before held in Monarchie. And vpon the discention of the brethren to whom it was diuided.

A.ij. Actus

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Viden. Ferrex.



Viden. The silent night, that brings
the quiet peace,
From painfull trauailes of the
wearie day,
Prolonges my carefull thoughts,
and makes me blame
The slowe Aurore, that so for lone of shame
Doth long delay to shewe her blushing face,
And now the day renewes my grieffull plaint.

Ferrex. My gracious lady and my mother deare,
Pardon my griefe for your so grieved minde,
To aske what cause tormenteth so your hart.

Viden. So great a wrong, and so vniust despite,
without all cause, against all course of kinde!

Ferrex. Such causelesse wrong and so vniust despite,
May haue redresse, or at the least, reuenge.

Viden. Neither, my soune: such is the froward will,
The person such, such my mischappe and thine.

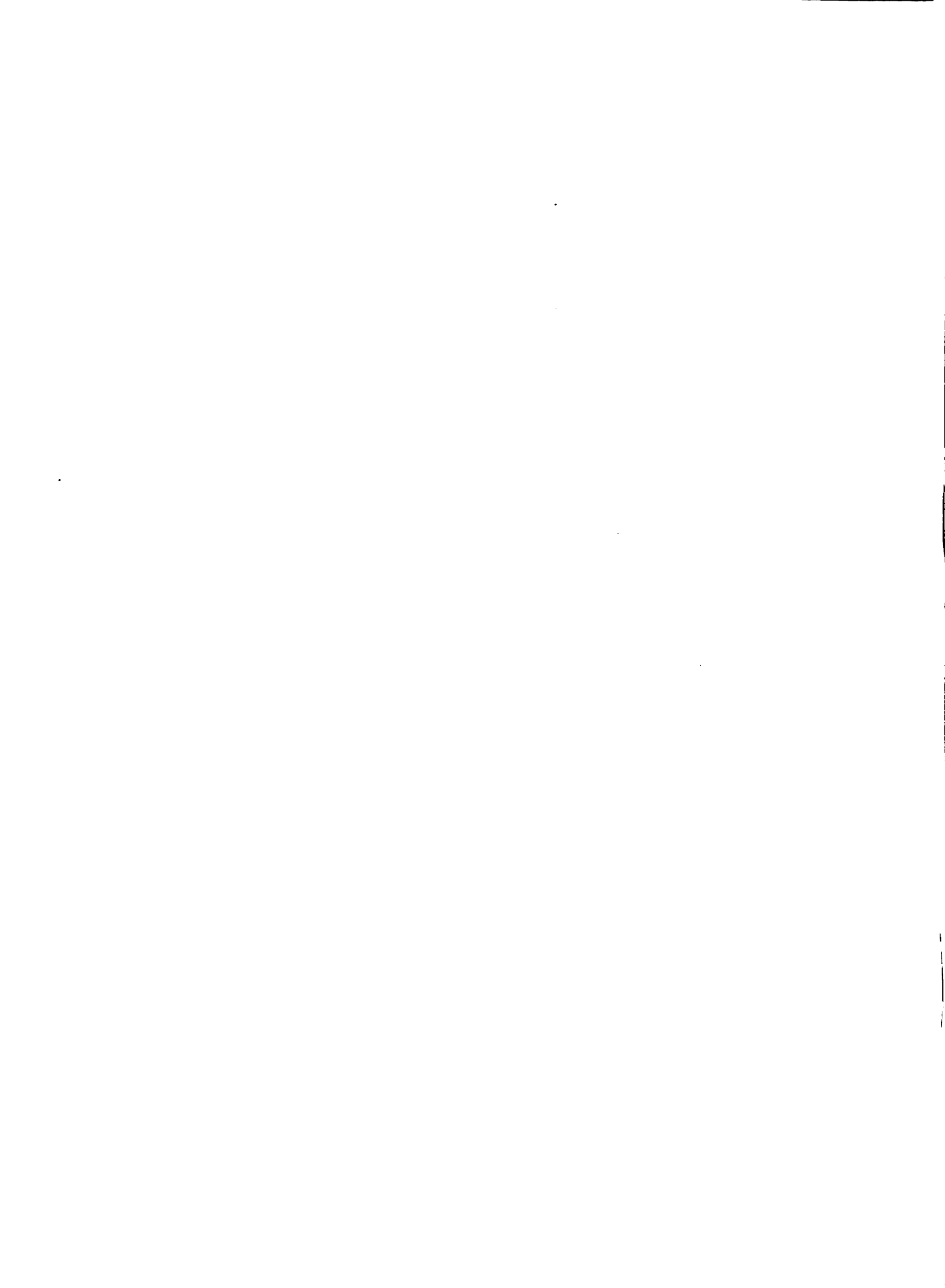
Ferrex. Mine knowe I none, but grief for your distresse.

Viden. Yes: mine for thine my soune: A father: no:
In kinde a father, not in kindnesse.

Ferrex. My father? why? I knowe nothing at all,
wherein I haue misdone vnto his grace.

Viden. Therefore, the more vnkinde to thee and mee,
For, knowing well (my soune) the tender loue

That



That I haue euer borne and beare to thee,
He greued therat, is not content alone,
To spoile thee of my sight my chiefest ioye,
But thee, of thy birthingt and heritage
Causelesse, vnkindly, and in wrongfull wise,
Against all lawe and right, he will bereane:
False of his kingdome he will geue away.

Ferrex. To whom?

Viden. Such to Porrex his yonger sonne,
whose growing pride I do so sore suspect,
That being raised to equall rule with thee,
Once thinks I see his enuious hart to swell,
Filled with disdain and with ambitious hope,
The end the Goddess do know, whose altars I
Full oft haue made in vaine, of cattell slaine
To send the sacred smoke to heauens throne,
For thee my sonne, if thinges do so succede,
As now my ielous minde misdeuiceth soze.

Ferrex. Madame, leane care & carefull plaint for me,
Iust hath my father bene to euery wight:
His first vniustice he will not extend
To me I trust, that geue no cause therof:
My brothers pride shall hurt him selfe, not me.

Viden. So graunt the Goddess: But yet thy father so
Hath firmly fixed his vnmoued minde,
That plaintes and prayers can no whit auaille,
For thole haue I assaid, but euen this day,
He will endenour to procure assent
Of all his counsell to his sonde deuise.

Ferrex. Their ancestors from race to race haue borne
True fayth to my forefathers and their seede:
I trust they eke will beare the like to me.

A. iij. Viden.

Viden. There resteth all. But if they faile thereof,
 And if the end bring forth an ill successe:
 On them and theirs the mischief shall befall,
 And so I pray the Goddess requite it them,
 And so they will, for so is wont to be.
 When lordes, and trusted rulers vnder kinges,
 To please the present fancie of the prince,
 With wrong transpose the course of gouernance,
 Murders, mischief, or ciuill sword at length,
 Or mutuall treason, or a iust reuenge,
 When right succeeding line returns againe,
 By Ioues iust iudgement and deserued wrath,
 Binges them to cruell and reprochfull death,
 And rootes their names and kindredes from the earth.

Ferrex. Another, content you, you shall see the end.

Viden. The end: thy end I feare, Ioue end me first.

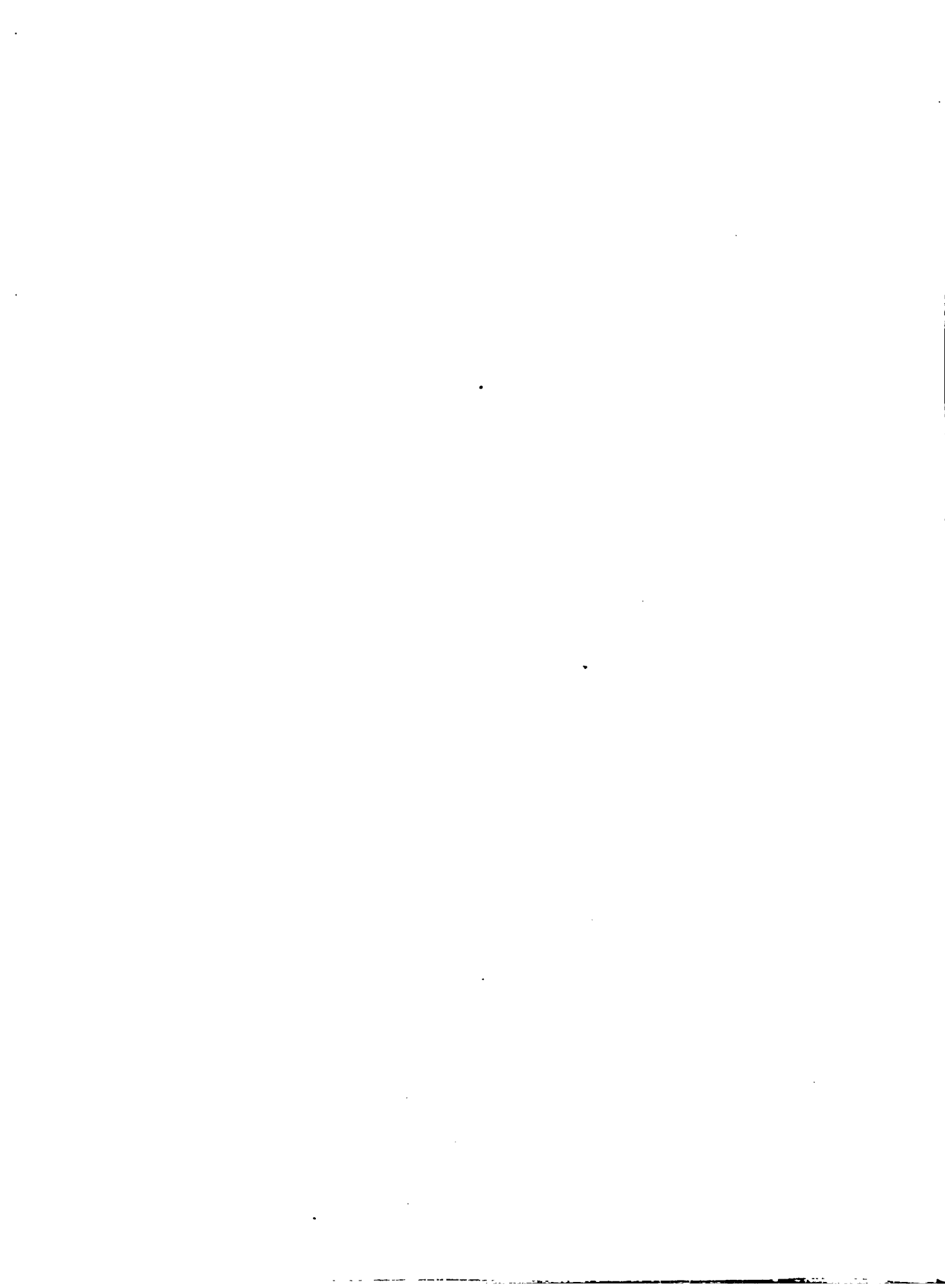
Actus primus. Scena secunda.

Gorboduc. Aroftus. Philander. Eubulus.

Gorb. Say lords, whose graue aduise & faithful aide,
 Haue long vpheld my honour and my realme,
 And brought me to this age from tender yeres,
 Guiding so great estate with great renowne:
 Nowe more importeth mee, than erst, to vse
 Your sayth and wisdom, whereby yet I reigne:
 That when by death my life and rule shall cease,
 The kingdome yet may with vnbroken course,
 Haue certayne prince, by whose vndoubted right,
 Your wealth and peace may stand in quiet stay,
 And eke that they whome nature hath preparde,
 In time to take my place in princely seate.

705





while in their fathers tyme their pliant yowth
yeldes to the frame of skilfull gouernance,
maye to be taught and trayned in noble artes,
As what their fathers which haue reigned before
haue with great fame deriued downe to them,
with honour they may leaue vnto their seede:
And not be thought for their vnworthy life,
And for their lawlesse swarpyng out of kinde,
worthy to lose what lawe and kind them gaue:
But that they may preserue the common peace,
The cause that first began and still mainteines
The lynne all course of kinges inheritance.
For me, for myne, for you, and for the state,
whereof both I and you haue charge and care,
Thus do I meane to vse your wonted sayth
To me and myne, and to your native lande.
My lordes be playne without all towne respect
Or poysonous craft to speake in pleasyng wise,
Lest as the blame of yll succeeding thinges
Shall light on you, so light the harmes also.

Arosus. Your good acceptance to (most noble king)
Of suche our faithfulness as heretofore
we haue employed in dutties to your grace,
And to this realme whose worthy head you are,
well proues that neyther you mistrust at all,
Nor we shall neede in boasting wise to shewe,
Our truieth to you, nor yet our wakefull care
for you, for yours, and for our native lande.
wherefore (O kyng) I speake as one for all,
Sith all as one do beare you egall faith:
Doubt not to vse our counsells and our aides,
whose honours, goods and lyues are whole auowed
To serue, to ayde, and to defende your grace.

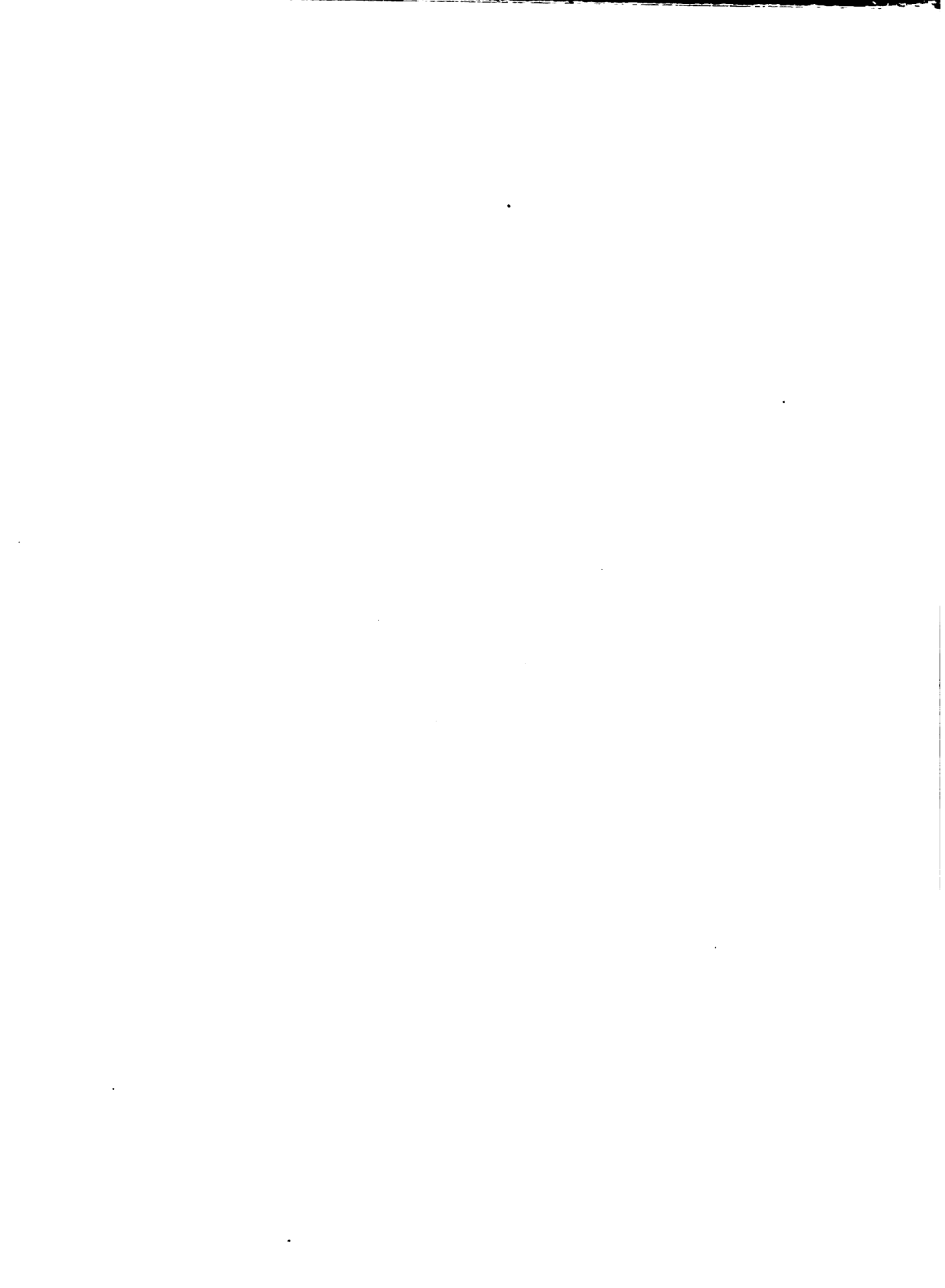
Gorb. My lordes, I thanke you all. This is the case.

B. J.

Ye.

Ye know, the Gods, who haue the soueraigne care
For kings, for kingdomes, and for common weales,
Haue me two sonnes in my more lusty age,
Who nowe in my decayeng yeres are growen
Well towardes ryper state of minde and strength,
To take in hande some greater princely charge.
As yet they lyue and spende hopefull daies,
With me and with their mother here in court.
Their age nowe asketh other place and trade,
And myne also doth aske an other chaunge:
Theirs to more trauaile, myne to greater case,
Whan fatall death shall ende my mortall life,
My purpose is to leaue unto them twaine
The reame diuided into two sondry partes:
The one Ferre & myne elder sonne shall haue,
The other shall the younger Parrex rule.
That both my purpose may more firmly stande,
And eke that they may better rule their charge,
I meane forthwith to place them in the same:
That in my life they may both learne to rule,
And I may ioy to see their rulling well.
This is in summe, what I woulde haue ye wey:
First whether ye allowe my whole devise,
And thinke it good for me, for them, for you,
And for our countrey, mother of vs all:
And if ye lyke it, and allowe it well,
Then for their guydinge and their gouernance,
Shew forth such meanes of circumstance,
As ye thinke meete to be both knowne and kept.
Loe, this is all, now tell me your aduise.

Aros. And this is much, and asketh great aduise,
But for my part, my soueraigne lord and kyng,
This do I thinke. Your maiestie doth know,
How vnder you in iustice and in peace,
Great wealth and honour, long we haue enioyed,



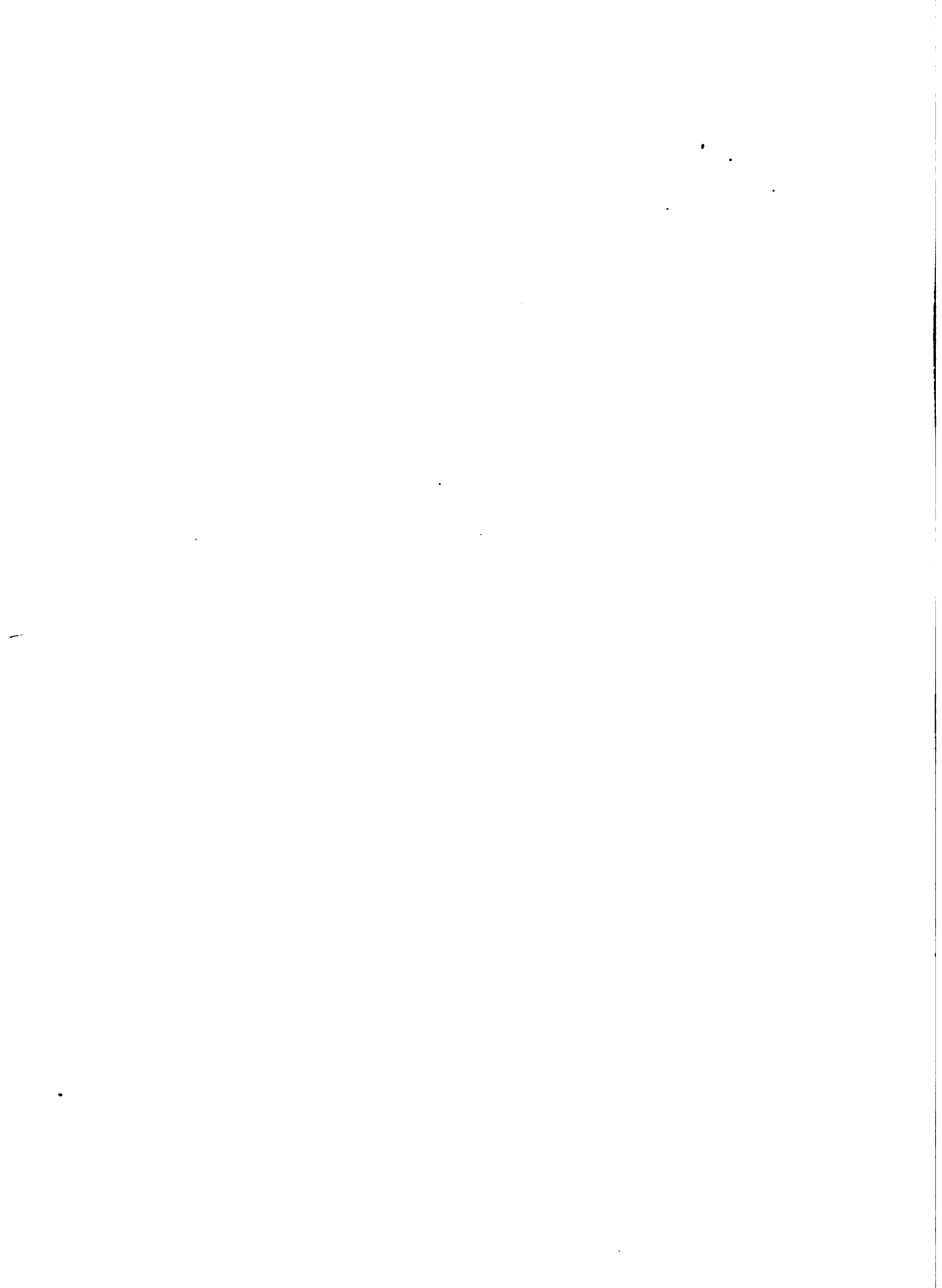


So as we can not seeme with greedie mindes
 To wishe for change of Prince or gouernours:
 But if we lyke your purpose and demerit,
 Our liking must be deened to procede
 Of rightfull reason, and of heedefull care,
 Not for our selues, but for the common state,
 Sith our owne state doth neede no better change:
 I thinke in all as erst your Grace hath said.
 Firste when you shall vnlode your aged mynde
 Of heuye care and troubles manifolde,
 And laye the same vpon my Lordes your sounes,
 whose growyng yeres may beare the burden long,
 And long I pray the Goddes to graunt it so,
 And in your life while you shall so beholde
 Their rule, their vertues, and their noble deedes,
 Suche as their kinde behighteth to vs all,
 Great be the profites that shall growe therof,
 Your age in quiet shall the longer last.
 Your lasting age shalbe their longer stay,
 For cares of kynges, that rule as you haue ruled,
 For publique wealth and not for pinate ioye,
 Do wast mannes lyfe, and hasten crooked age,
 With furrowed face and with enfebled hymnes,
 To draw on creepyng death a swifter pace.
 They two yet yong shall beare the parted reigne
 With greater ease, than one, nowe olde, alone,
 Can welde the whole, for whom muche harder is
 With lessened strength the double weight to beare.
 Your eye, your counsell, and the graue regarde
 Of father, yea of such a fathers name,
 Nowe at beginning of their sondred reigne,
 when is the hazarde of their whole success,
 Shall bryde in their force of youthfull heates,
 And so restraine the rage of insolence,
 whiche most assailes the yonge and noble mindes,

And so shall guide and traîne in tempred stay
Their yet greene bending wittes with reuerent awe,
As now inured with vertues at the first,
Custome (O King) shall bring delightfulness.
By vse of vertue, vice shall growe in hate,
But if you so dispose it, that the daye,
Which endes your life, shall first begin their reigne,
Great is the perill what will be the ende,
When such beginning of such liberties
Cloide of such stapes as in your life do lye,
Shall leaue them free to ranson of their will,
An open prae to traiterous flatterie,
The greatest pestilence of noble youthe,
Whiche perill shalbe past, if in your life,
Their tempred youthe with aged fathers awe,
Be brought in vye of skilfull stayednesse,
And in your life their liues disposed so,
Shall length your noble life in ioyfulness.
Thus thinke I that your grace hath wisely thought,
And that your tender care of common weale,
Hath bred this thought, so to diuide your lande,
And plant your sounes to beare the present rule,
While you yet liue to see their raigne well,
That you may longer lye by ioye therein.
What furder meanes behouefull are and meete
At greater leasure may your grace deuise,
When all haue said, and when we be agreed
If this be best to part the realme in twaine,
And place your sounes in present gouernment,
Whereof as I haue plainly said my mynde,
So woulde I here the rest of all my Lordes.

Philand. In part I thinke as hath bene said before,
In parte agayne my minde is other wise,
As for diuiding of this realme in twaine,
And lotting out the same in egall partes,

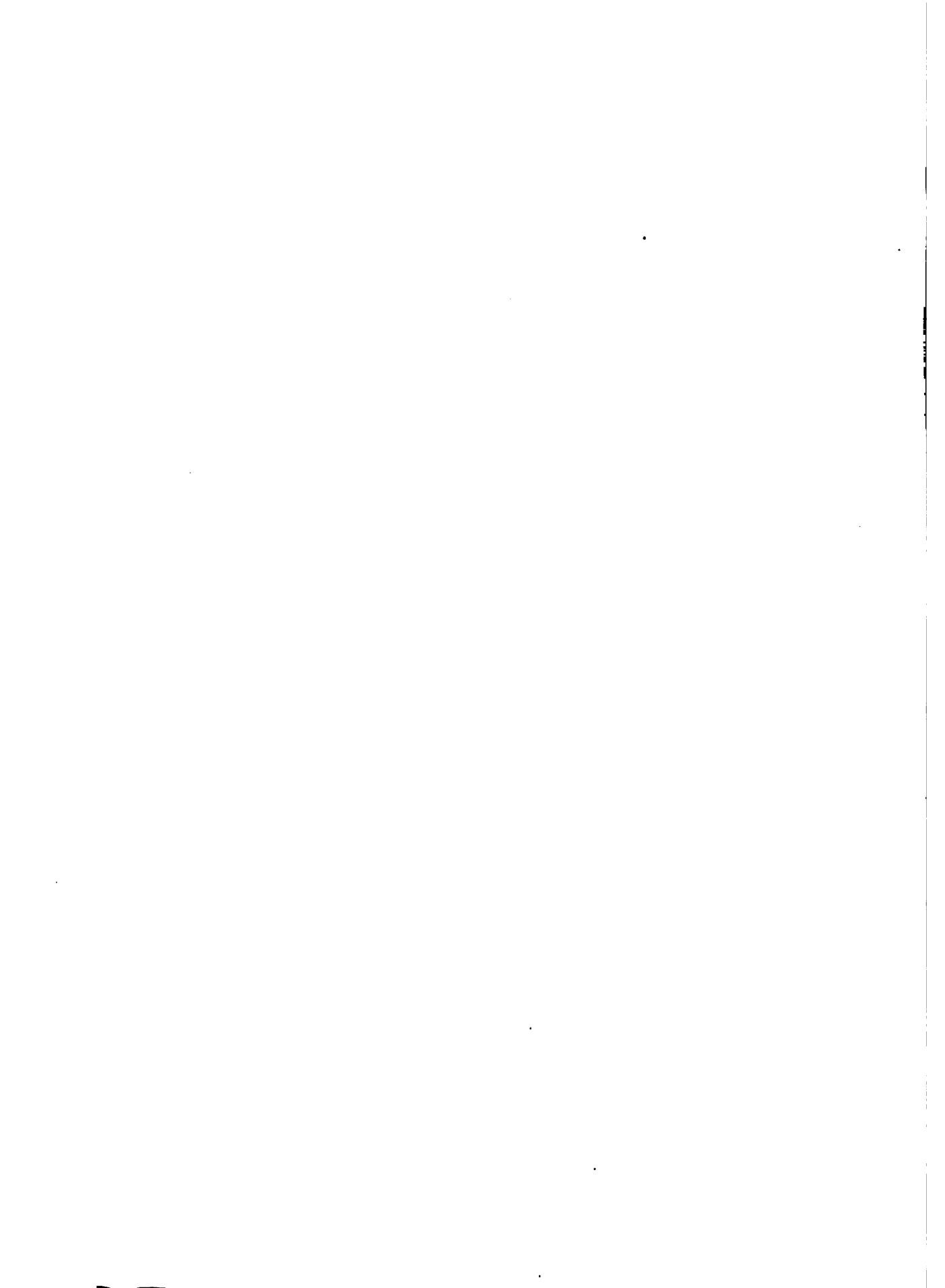




To either of my lordes your graces sonnes,
 That thinke I best for this your realmes behofe,
 For profite and aduancement of your sonnes,
 And for your comforte and your honour eke.
 But so to place them, while your life do last,
 To yelde to them your royall gouernaunce,
 To be about them onely in the name
 Of father, not in kingly state also,
 I thinke not good for you, for them, nor vs.
 This kingdome since the blondie ciuill fielde
 Where Morgan Name did yeld his conquered parte
 Vnto his toling sward in Camberland,
 Containeth all that whilome did suffice
 Three noble sonnes of your forefather Bruce.
 So your two sonnes, it maye suffice also.
 The more, the stronger, if they gree in one.
 The smaller compass that the realme doth holde,
 The easier is the swey thereof to welde,
 The nearer Justice to the wronged poore,
 The smaller charge, and yet prouoghe for one.
 And when the region is diuided so,
 That brethren be the lordes of either parte,
 Such strength doth nature knit betwene them both,
 In sondrie bodie by conioyned loue,
 That not as two, but one of doubled force,
 Eche is to other as a sure defence.
 The noblenesse and glory of the one
 Doth sharpe the courage of the others mynde,
 With vertuous cruie to contende for praic.
 And suche an equalnesse hath nature made,
 Betwene the brethren of one fathers scede,
 As an unkindly wrong it seemes to bee,
 To thinke the brother subject vnder sette
 Of him, whose peere he is by course of kinde,
 And nature that did make this equalnesse,

Ofte so repineth at so great a wrong,
That ofte she rayseth vp a grudging grieffe,
In yonger brethren at the elders state:
Wherby both towncs and kingdomes haue ben rased,
And famous stockes of royall bloud destroied:
The brother, that shoulde be the brothers aide,
And haue a wakefull care for his defence,
Gapes for his death, and blames the yonger yeres
That draw not forth his ende with faster course:
And oft impatient of so longe delapes,
With hartfull slaughter he preuentes the fates,
And heapes a iust rewarde for brothers bloode,
With endless vengeaunce on his stocke for aye.
Suche mischiefs here are wisely mette withall,
If egall state maye nourishe egall loue,
Where none hath cause to grudge at others good.
But nowe the head to soupe beneath them bothe,
He kinde, he reason, he good order beares.
And oft it hath ben seene, where natures course
Hath ben peruerted in disordered wise,
When fathers cease to knowe that they shoulde rule,
The children cease to knowe they shoulde obey.
And often surchindly tenderesse
Is mother of vnkindly stubbornesse.
I speake not this in ennie or reproche,
As if I grudged the glorie of your spines,
Whose honoure I beseech the Goddes increase:
Nor yet as if I thought there did remaine,
So filthy cankers in their noble breasts,
Whom I esteeme (which is their greatest praise)
Vndoubted children of so good a kyng.
Onlie I meane to shewe by certayne rules,
Whiche kinde hath graft within the mind of man,
That nature hath her order and her course,
Whiche (being broken) doth corrupt the state





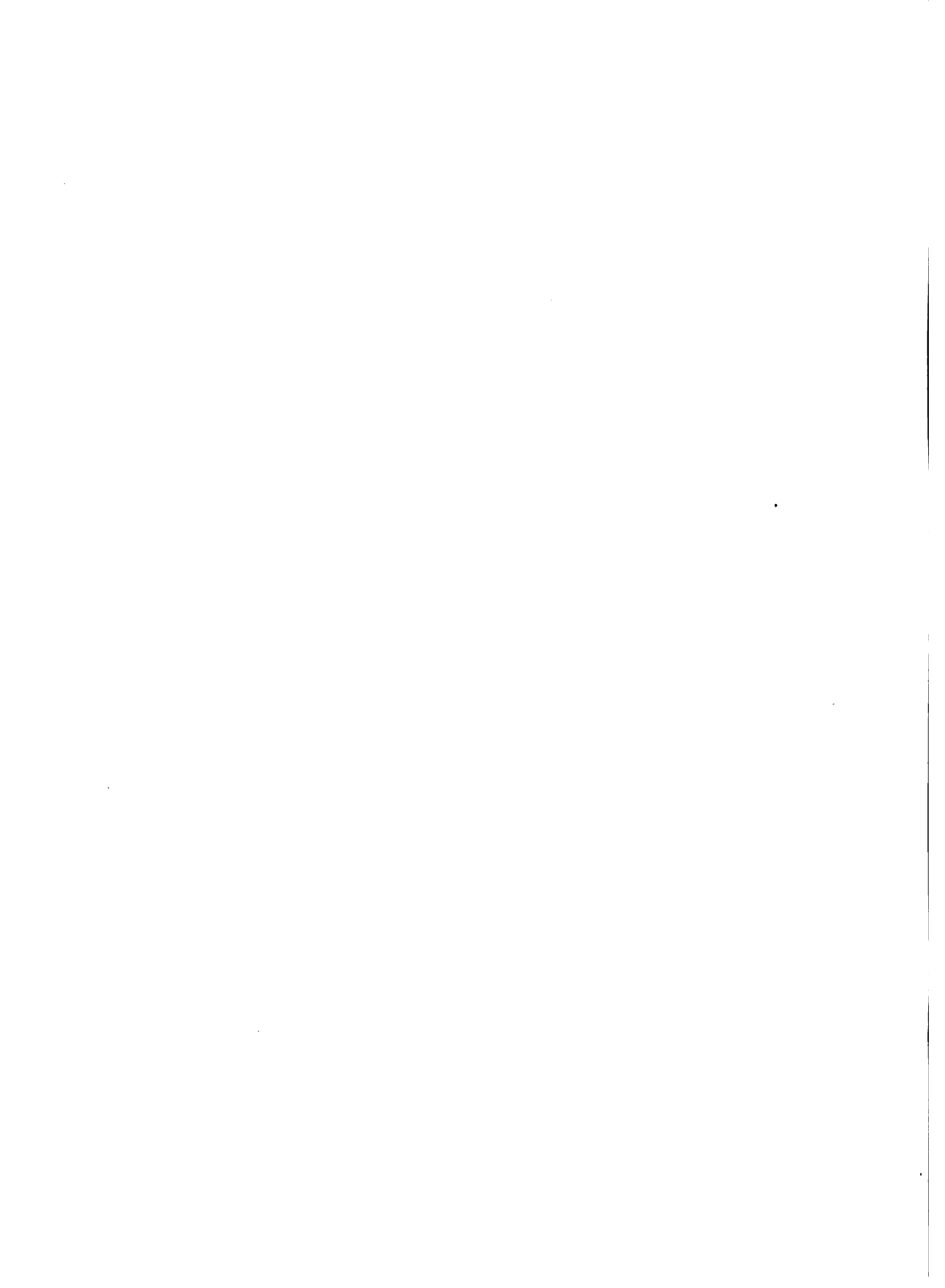
Of myrdes and thinges, euen in the best of all.
 My lordes your sonnes may learne to rule of you.
 Your owne example in your noble court
 Is fittest guyder of their youthfull yeares.
 If you desire to see some present ioye
 By sight of their well rulyng in your lyfe,
 See them obey, so shall you see them rule,
 Who so obeyeth not with humblenesse
 Will rule with outrage and with insolence.
 Longe maye they rule I do beseeche the Goddes,
 But longe may they learne, ere they begyn to rule.
 If kinde and faces woulde suffice, I woulde wishe
 Them aged princes, and immortall kinges.
 Wherfore most noble kynge I well assent,
 Betwene your sonnes that you diuide your realme,
 And as in kinde, so match them in degreet.
 But while the Goddes prolong your royall life,
 Prolong your reigne: for therto lyue you here,
 And therefore haue the Goddes so long forborne
 To ioyne you to them selues, that still you might
 Be prince and father of our common weale.
 They when they see your children ripe to rule,
 Will make them counne, and will remoue you hence,
 That yours in right enuyng of your life
 Maye rightly honour your immortall name.

Eub. Your wouted true regarde of faithfull hartes,
 Makes me (O kinge) the bolder to presume,
 To speake what I conceiue within my brest,
 Although the same do not agree at all
 With that which other here my lordes haue said,
 Nor which your selfe haue seemed best to saye.
 ardon I craue, and that my wordes be deined
 To flowe from hartie zeale vnto your gract,
 And to the safetie of your common weale.
 To parte your realme vnto my lordes your sonnes,

I thinke not good for you, ne yet for them,
But wofull of all for this our native lande,
Within one land, one single rule is best:
Diuided reignes do make diuided hartes.
But peace preserues the countrey and the prince,
Suche is in man the greedy minde to reigne,
So great is his desire to climbe alofte,
In worldly stage the starcliest partes to beere,
That faith and iustice and all kindly loue,
Do yelde vnto desire of soueraignitie,
where-ogall state doth raise an egall hope
To winne the thing that eicher wold attaine.
Your grace remembereth how in passed yeres
The mightie Bruce, first prince of all this lande,
Possessed the same and ruled it well in one,
He thinking that the compass did suffice,
For his three sonnes thre kingdoms eke to make,
Cut it in thre, as you would now in thre.
But how much Britissh blood hath since bene spilt,
To toyne againe the sondred unitie?
What princes slaine before their timely houre?
What wast of towncs and people in the lande?
What treasons heaped on murders and on spoiles?
Whose iust reuenge euen yet is scarcely ceased,
Ruthfull remembrance is yet rawe in minde.
The Gods forbyd the like to chaunce againe:
And you (O King) geue not the cause thereof.
My Lord Ferrex your elder sonne, perchappes
Whome kinde and custome geues a rightfull hope
To be your heire and to succede your reigne,
Shall thinke that he doth suffre greater wrong
Than he perchance will beare, if power serue,
Forrex the younger so vpraised in state,
Perchappes in courage will be rayled also,
If flatterie then, which sayles not to assaile

The



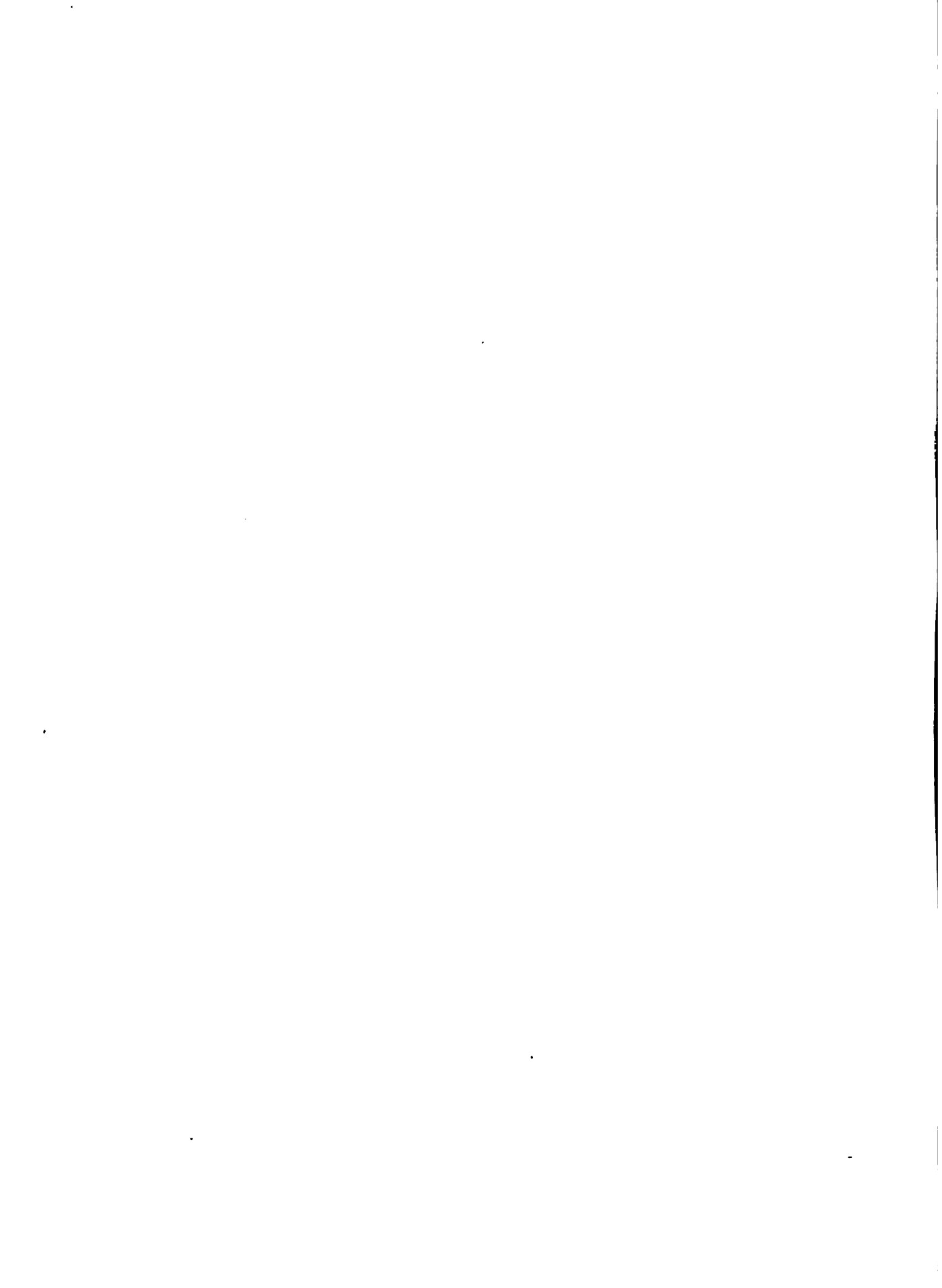


The tendre mindes of yet vnkilfull youth,
 In oite shall kinde and encrease disdain,
 And euen in the others harte enflame,
 This fire shall waste their loue, their liues, their land,
 And ruthfull ruine shall destroy them both,
 I wishe not this (O kyng) so to befall,
 But feare the thing, that I do most abhorre,
 Bene no beginning to so dreadfull ende,
 Kepe them in order and obedience:
 And let them both by now obeying you,
 Learne such behauiour as becomes their state,
 The elder, mylde nesse in his gouernance,
 The yonger, a yelding contentednesse,
 And kepe them neare vnto your presence still,
 That they restrayned by the awe of you,
 May liue in compasse of well tempered staye,
 And passe the perilles of their youthfull yeares,
 Your aged life draues on to febler tyme,
 wherin you shall lesse able be to beare
 The trauailes that in youth you haue susteyned,
 Both in your persones and your realmes defence,
 If planting now your sonnes in furdere partes,
 You sende them furdere from your present reach,
 Lesse shall you know how they them selues demean:
 Traiterous corrupters of their plyant youth,
 Shall haue vnsuspected a muche more free access,
 And if ambition and inflamed disdain
 Shall arme the one, the other, or them both,
 To ciuill warre, or to vsurping pride,
 Late shall you rue, that you ne recked before,
 Good is I graunt of all to hope the best,
 But not to liue still dreadlesse of the worst,
 So truste the one, that the other be forlone,
 Arme not vnkilfulnesse with princely power,
 But you that long haue wisely ruled the reignes

Of royaltie within your noble realme,
So holde them, while the Gods for our amayles
Shall stretch the thred of your prolonged daies,
To soone he clambe into the flaming carre,
Whose want of skill did set the earth on fire,
Time and example of your noble grace,
Shall teach your sonnes both to obey and rule,
When time hath taught them, time shal make the place,
The place that now is full: and so I pray
Long it remaine, to comforte of vs all.

Corboduc. I take your faithful hearts in thankful part,
But sith I see no cause to draw my minde,
To feare the nature of my louing sonnes,
Or to misdeme that enimic or dil daime,
Can there worke hate, where nature planteth loue:
In one selfe purpose do I still abide.
My loue extendeth egally to both,
My lande suffieth for them both also.
Humber shall parte the marches of theyr realmes:
The Sotherne part the elder shall possesse:
The Notherne shall Portex the yonger rule:
In quiet I will passe mine aged dayes,
Free from the trauaile and the painefull cares,
That hasten age vpon the worthiest kinges.
But lest the fraude, that ye do seme to feare,
Of flattering tongues, corrupt their tender youth,
And wythe them to the wayes of youthfull lust,
To clumyng pride, or to reuenging hate,
Or to neglecting of their carefull charge,
Lewdely to lyue in wanton rechelesse,
Or to oppressing of the rightfull cause,
Or not to wreke the wronges done to the poore,
To treade downe truth, or fauour false deceiver:
I meane to toyne to epyther of my sonnes
Some one of those, whose long approoued faith

And



And wisdom tryed, may well assure my hart:
That nothing fraide shall finde no way to crepe
Into their sended eares with greame aduile,
This is the ende, and so I pray you all
To heare my sonnes the loue and loyaltie
That I haue sounge within your faithfull heeles.

Probus. You, not your sonnes, our soueraign lord shall
Our faith and seruire while our liues do last. (want,

Chorus. when settled stay doth holde the royall throne
In stedfast place, by knowen and doubles right,
And chiefly when dissent on one alone
Makes single and vnpacted reigne to light:
Eche chaunge of course vniouynts the whole estate,
And yeldes it thzall to ruyne by debate.
The strength that knit by false accorde in one,
Against all soyrein potuer of mightie foes,
Could of it selfe defende it selfe alone,
Disioyned once, the former force doth lose.
The sickes, that soundred brake so soone in twaine,
In saggot bounde attempted were in vaine.
Of tender minde that leades the parcial eye
Of erring parentes in their childrens loue,
Destroyes the wrongly loued childe therby.
This doth the proude sonne of Apollo proude,
who rashly set in chariot of his fire,
Inflamed the parched earth with heanens fire.
And this great king, that doth deuide his land,
And chaunge the course of his discending crowne,
And yeldes the reigne into his childrens hande,
From blissfull state of ioye and great renowne,
A myrrour shall become to Princes all,
To learne to shunne the cause of suche a fall.

C.ij. C The

C The order and signification
of the dumme shew before the se-
cond acte.

C First the Musicke of Cornettes began to playe, during
which came in vpon the stage a King accompanied with a
nombre of his nobilitie and gentlemen. And after he had pla-
ced him self in a chaire of estate prepared for him: there came
and kneled before him a graue and aged gentelman and of-
fered by a cuppe vnto him of wyne in a glasse, which the
the King refused. After him commes a braue and lustie
yong gentleman and presentes the King with a cup of golde
filled with popson, which the King accepted, and drincking
the same, immediatly fell downe dead vpon the the stage, and
so was carried thence away by his Lordes and gentlemen,
and then the Musicke ceased. Hereby was signified, that as
glasse by nature holdeth no popson, but is clere and may ea-
sely be seen thzough, ne dooeth by any arte: So a saythfull
counsellour holdeth no treason, but is playne and open, ne
yeldeth to any vndiscrete affection, but getteth holloome coun-
sell, which the yll advised Prince refuseth. The delightfull
golde filled with popson betokeneth flattery, which vnder
faire seeming of picaiaunt wordes beareth deadly popson,
which destroyed the Prince that receyued it. As befell in
the two brethren Ferrer and Poprer, who refusing the hol-
some aduise of graut counsellours, credited these yong Pa-
racles, and brought to them selues death and destruction
therby.

Actus secundus. Scena prima.

Ferrex. Hermon. Dordan.

FERREX. I mervaille much what reason ledde the King
my Father, thus without all my desert,
To geue me halfe the kingdome, which by course

Of



Of law and nature should remayne to me.

Hermon. If you with stubborne and vntamed pryde
Had stood against him in rebelling wise,
Or if with grudging minde you had enuied
So slow a sliding of his aged yeres,
Or sought before your time to haste the course
Of facall death vpon his royall head,
Or stained your stocke with murder of your kyn:
Some face of reason might perhaps haue seemed,
To yelde some likely cause to spoyle ye thus.

Ferrex. The wretched Gods potoye on my cursed head
Eternall plagges and neuer dying woes,
The hellish pyres, adindge my dampned ghost
To Tantaless thirst, or proude Ixions wheele,
Or cruell gripe to gnaw my growing harte,
To durting tormentes and vquenched flames,
If euer I conueyed so foule a thought,
To wishe his ende of life, or yet of reigne.

Dordan. He yet your father (O most noble Prince)
Did euer thinke so fowle a thing of you.
For he, with more than fathers tendre loue,
While yet the fates do lende him life to rule,
(who long might lyue to see your ruling well)
To you my Lozde, and to his other sonne:
Lo he resignes his realme and royaltie:
Which neuer would so wise a Prince haue done,
If he had once misdemed that in your harte
There euer lodged so unkinde a thought.
But tendre loue (my Lozde) and settled truste
Of your good nature, and your noble minde,
Made him to place you thus in royall throne,
And now to geue you half his realme to guide,
Yea and that halfe which in abounding store

Of things that serue to make a welthy realme,
In stately cities, and in frutefull soyle,
In temperate breathing of the milder heauen,
In thinges of needefull vse, which friendly sea,
Transportes by traffike from the forreine partes,
In flowing wealth, in honour and in force,
Doth passe the double value of the parte,
That Porrex hath allotted to his reigne.
Such is your case, such is your fathers loue. (loues.

Ferrex. Ah loue, my frendes? loue wrongs not who he
Dordan. He yet he wrongeth you, that geueth you
So large a reigne, ere that the course of time
Bring you to kingdome by distended right,
Which time perhaps might end your time before.

Ferrex. Is this no wrong, say you, to reane from me
My natiue right of halfe so great a realme?
And thus to matche his yonger sonne with me
In egall power, and in as great degree?
Yea and what sonne? the sonne whose swelling pride
woulde neuer yelde one point of reuerence,
whan I the elder and apperaunt heire
Stoode in the likelihode to possesse the whole,
Yea and that sonne which from his childish age
Ennieth myne honour and doth hate my life.
what will he now do, when his pride, his rage,
The mindesfull malice of his grudging harte,
Is armed with force, with wealth, and kingly state?

Hermon. was this not wrong, yea yll advised wrong,
To giue to such a man so sharpe a sward,
To so great perill of so great missehappe,
wide open thus to set so large a way?

Dordan. Alas my Lord, what grieuall thing is this,

That

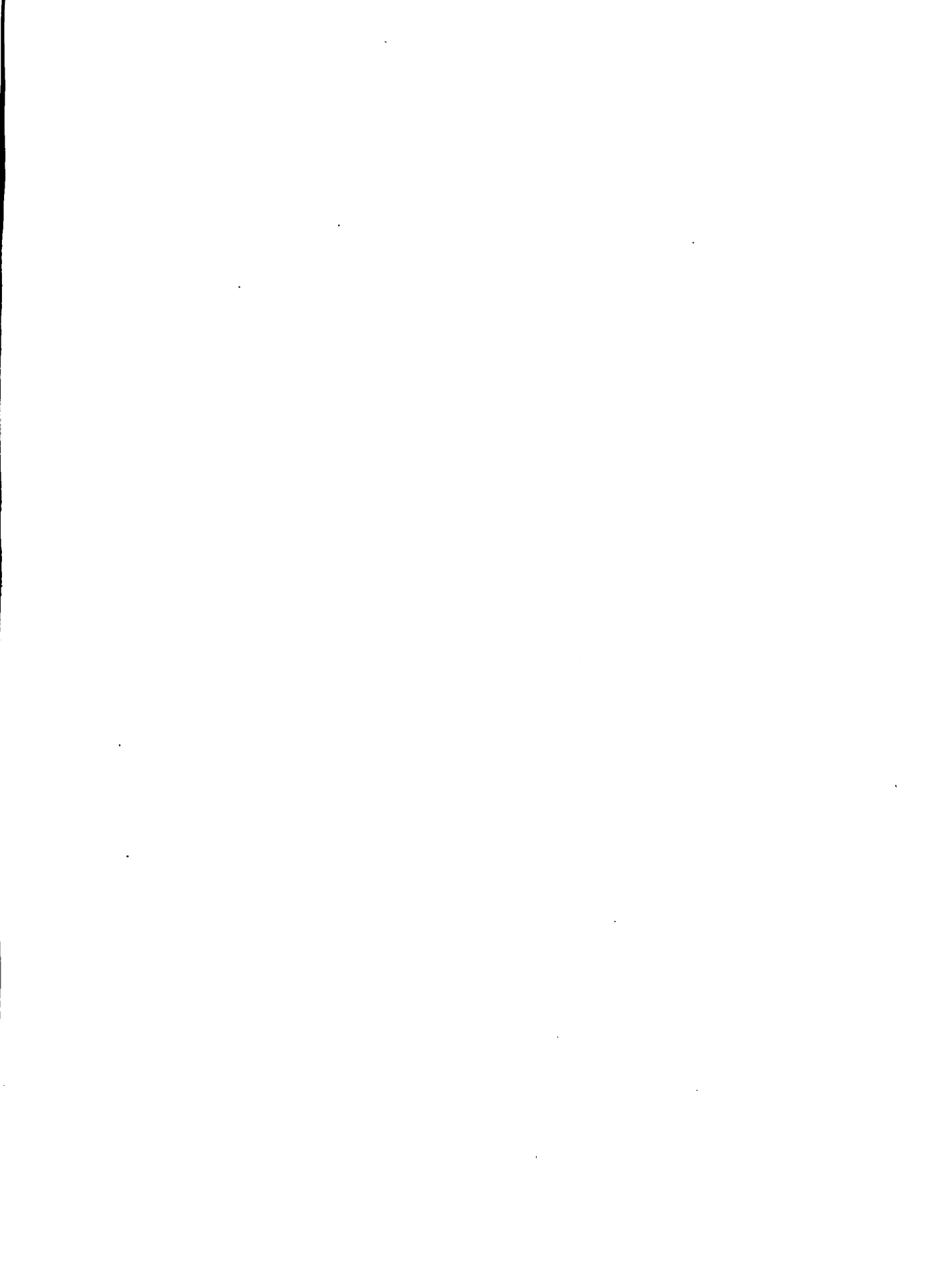


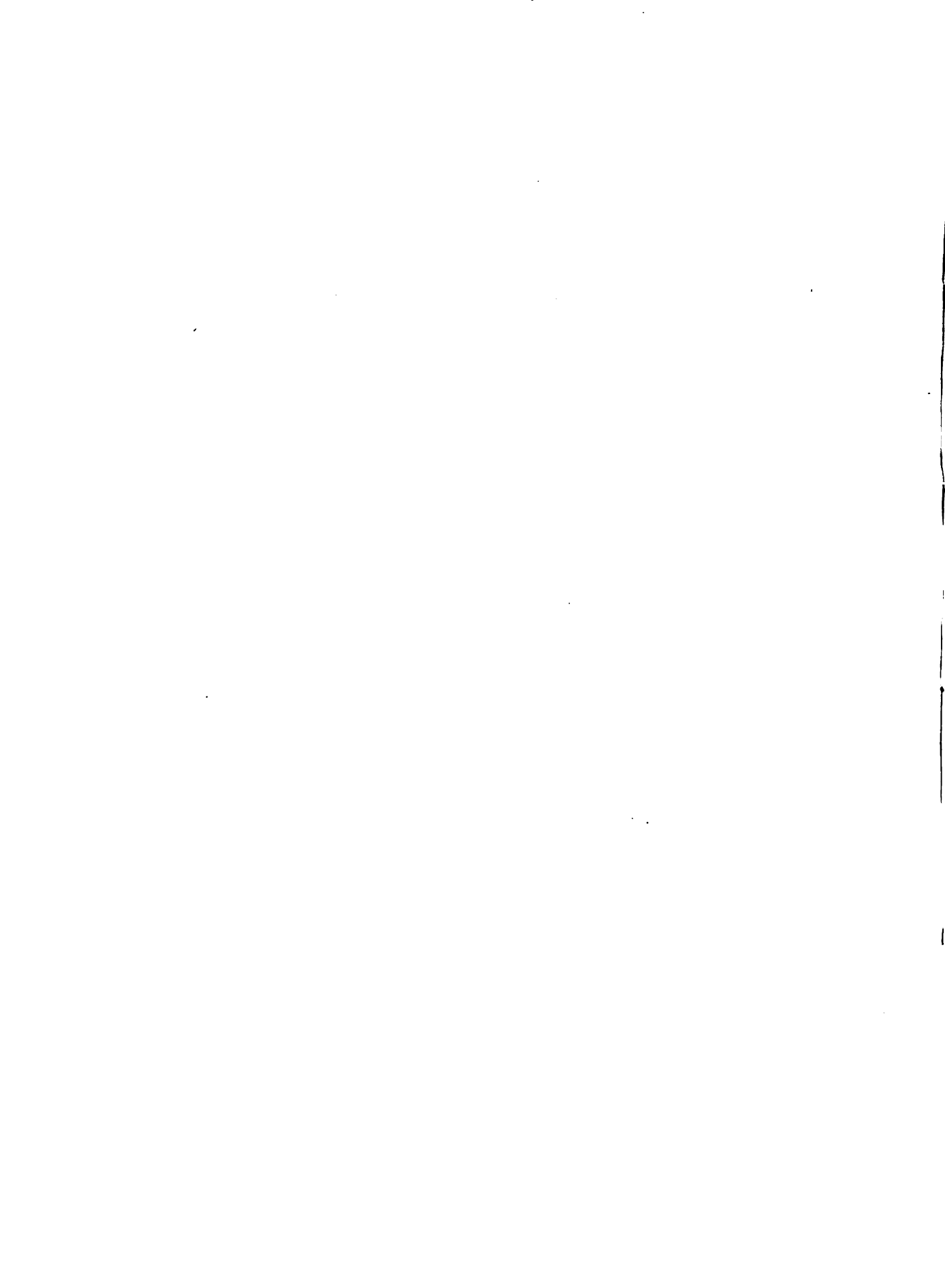
That of your brother you can thinke so ill?
I neuer saw him vnder likeli signe,
Whereby a man might see or once misdeme
Such hate of you, ne such vnelding pride.
All is their counsell, shamefull be their ende,
That raising such mistrustfull feare in you,
Sowing the seede of such vnkindly hate,
Trauaile by treason to destroy you both.
Wife is your brother, and of noble hope,
Worthie to weld a large and mightie realme.
So much a stronger frende haue you therby,
Whose strength is your strength, if you gree in one.

Hermon. If nature and the Goddess had pinched so
Their flowing bountie, and their noble gites
Of princelie qualities, from you my Lorde,
And powde them all at ones in wastfull wise
Upon your fathers yonger sonne alone:
Perhappes there be that in your p̄iudice
Would say that birth should yeld to worthinesse.
But sith in eche good gift and princelie arte
Ye are his matche, and in the chiefe of all
In mildenesse and in sobie gouernaunce
Ye farre surmount: And sith there is in you
Sufficing skil and hopefull towardnesse
To weld the whole, and match your elders prayse:
I see no cause why ye should loose the halfe.
He would I wishe you yelde to such a losse:
Lest your milde sufferance of so great a wronge,
Be deemed cowardishe and simple dreade:
Which shall geue courage to the fierie head
Of your yonge brother to invade the whole.
While yet therfore sticke in the peoples minde
The loched wrong of your disheritaunce,
And ere your brother haue by settled power,

By guile full cloke of an alluring choice,
 Got him some force and fauour in the realme,
 And while the noble Queene your mother liues,
 To worke and practise all for your analle,
 Attempt redresse by armes, and wraake your self
 Upon his life, that gaigneth by your losse,
 who nowe to shame of you, and grieue of vs,
 In your owne kingdome triumphes ouer you,
 Shew now your courage meete for kingly state,
 That they which haue vow'd to spend theyr goods,
 May be the bolde to mainteyne your parte,
 when they do see that cowarde feare in you,
 Shall not betray ne faile their faithfull hartes.
 If once the death of Porrex ende the strife,
 And pay the price of his vsurped reigne,
 Your mother shall perswade the angry kyng,
 The Lords your frends eke shall appeale his rage.
 For they be wise, and well they can soyle,
 That ere longe tyme your aged fathers death
 will bring a tyme when you shall well requite
 Their frendlie fauour, or their hatefull spue,
 Yea, or their slackenelle to auance your cause,
 „ wise men do not so hang on passing state
 „ Of present diuices, chiefly in their age,
 „ But they will further cast their reaching eye,
 „ To victorie and wepe the tymes and reignes to come.
 He is it likely, though the kyng be wrothe,
 That he yet will, or that the realme will beare,
 Extreme reuenge vpon his onely soune,
 Or if he woulde, what one is he that dare
 Be minister to such an enterpryse?
 And here you be now placed in your owne,
 Amyd your frendes, your vassalles and your strength.
 we shall defende and kepe your person safe,

Till





Till either counsell turne his tender minde,
Or age, or sorrow end his werie dayes.
But if the feare of Goddes, and secrete grudge
Of natures law, repining at the fact,
Withholde your courage from so great attempt:
Know ye, that lust of kingdomes hath no law.
The Goddes do beare and well allow in kinges,
The thinges they abhorre in rascall rouses:
, when kinges on slender quarrells runne to warres,
, And then in cruell and unkindely wise,
, Command thestes, rapes, murders of innocentes,
, The spoile of townes, ruines of mighty realmes:
, I thinke you such princes do suppose them selues
, Subiect to lawes of kinde, and feare of Gods:
Murders and violent thestes in priuate men,
Are hainous crimes and full of foule reproch,
Yet none offence, but deckt with glorious name
Of noble conquestes, in the handes of kinges.
But if you like not yet so hore deuise,
Be list to take such vauntage of the time,
But though with perill of your owne estate,
You will not be the first that shall invade:
Assemble yet your force for your defence,
And for your safetie stand vpon your garde.

Dordan. O heauen was there euer heard or knowen,
So wicked counsell to a noble prince?
Let me (my Loyde) disclose vnto your grace
This hainous tale, what mischiefe it containes,
Your fathers death, your brothers and your owne,
Your present murder and eternall shame.
Heare me (O king) and suffer not to sinke
So high a treason in your princely brest.

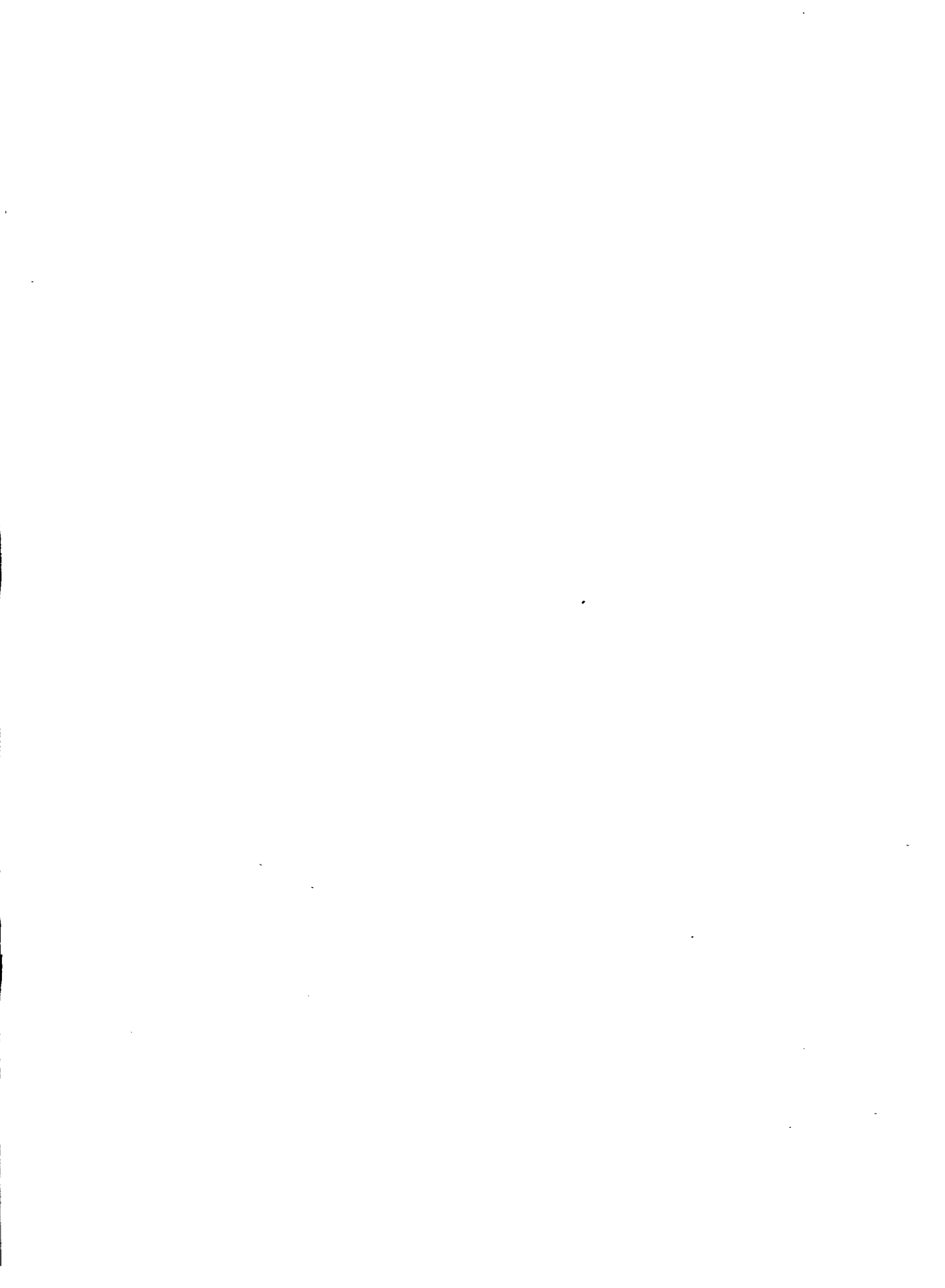
Ferrex. The mightie Goddes forbid that euer I
Should once conceaue such mischiefe in my hart.

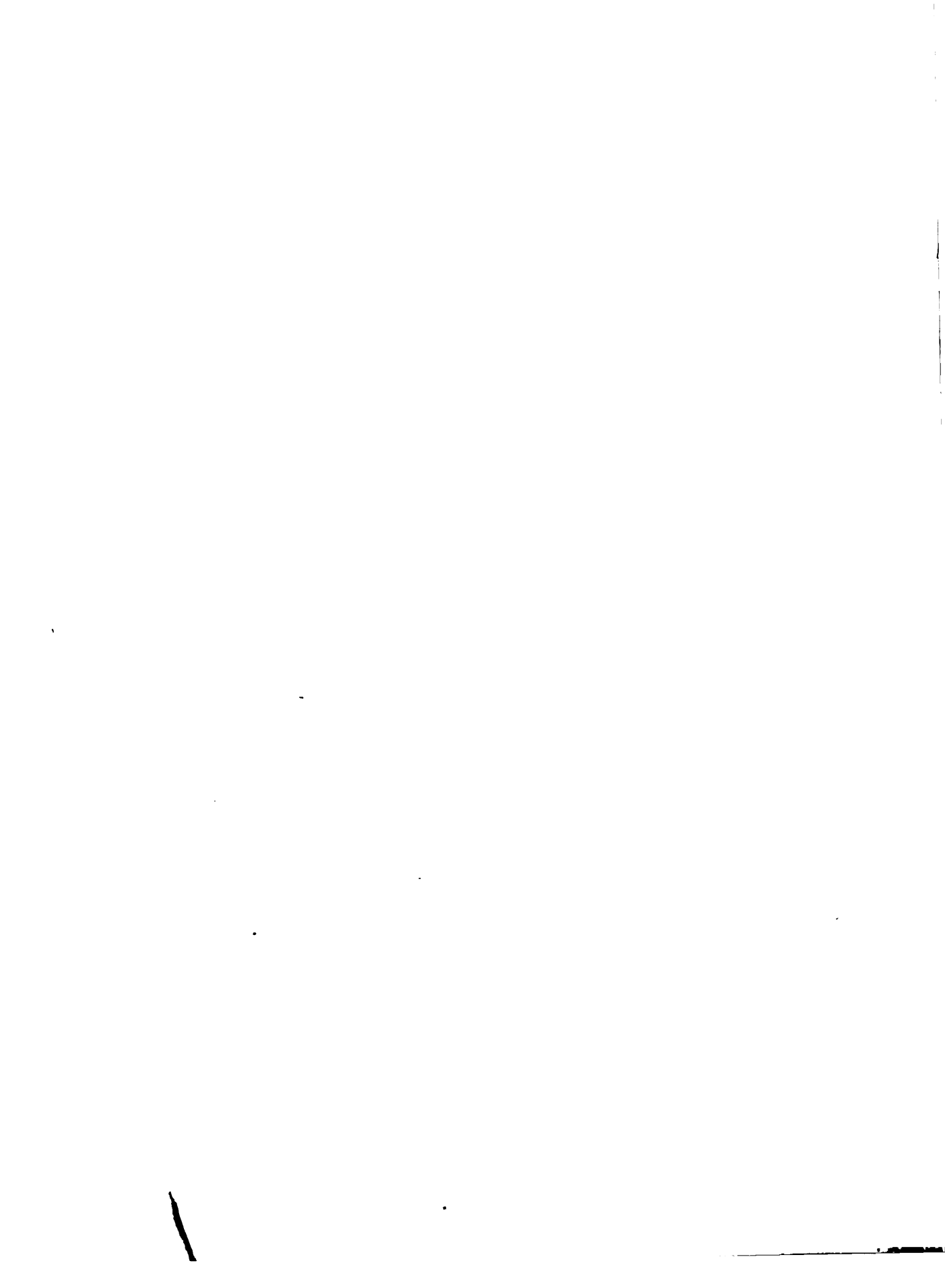
D.i.

Although

Although my brother hath bereft my treasure,
And heere perchappes to me an hatefull number
Shall I reuenge it, with his death theretoget
Or shall I so destroy my fathers life
That gaue me life? the Gods forbid, I say.
Leaue you to speake so any more to me.
Hee you my friend with answer once repone
So foule a tale. In silence let it be.
What losse of subiect shall haue hope at all,
That vnder me they safely shall enioye
Their goods, their honours, landes and libertie,
With whom, neither one anely brother deare,
Nor father dearer, could enioye their liues?
But sith, I feare my younger brothers rage,
And sith perchappes some other man may geue
Some like aduise, to moue his grudging head
At mine estate, which counsell may perchance
Take greater force with him, than this with me,
I will in secrete so prepare my selfe,
As if his malice or his lust to reigne
Breake forth in armes of sadaine violence,
I may withstand his rage and keepe mine otome.

Dardan. I feare the fatall time now draweth on,
When ciuill hate shall end the noble line
Of famous Brute and of his royall seche.
Great loue defend the mischiefes now at hand.
O that the Secretaries wise aduise
Had eue bene heard when he besought the king
Not to diuide his land, nor send his sounes
To further partes from presence of his court,
He yet to yelde to them his gouernance.
No such are they now in the royall choyse
As was rache Phaeton in Phebus carre.
He then the fiery sledes did draw the flame





With wilde ranson through the kindled fires,
 Than traitorous counsell now will whirle about
 The yongfull heades of these vniuersall kinges.
 But I hercof their father will enforce
 The reuerence of him perhappes shall they
 The growing mischiefes, while they yet are greene.
 If this helpe not, then woe vnto them selues,
 The prince, the people, the diuided land.

Actus secundus. Scena secunda.

Porrex. Tyndar. Philander.

PORREX. And is it thus? And doth he so prepare,
 Against his brother as his mortall foe?
 And now while yet his aged father liues?
 Neither regardes he him? nor feares he me?
 Warre would he haue? and he shall haue it so.

Tyndar. I saw my selfe the great prepared store
 Of horse, of armour, and of weapon there,
 As bring I to my lord reported tales
 without the ground of seen and searched trouth.
 Loe secret quarrels runne about his court,
 To bring the name of you my lord in hate.
 Ech man almost can now debate the cause,
 And aske a reason of so great a wrong,
 why he so noble and so wise a prince,
 Is as vnworthy rest his heritage?
 And why the king, misledded by craftie meanes,
 Diuided thus his land from course of right?
 The wiser sort holde downe their griefull heades.
 Eche man withdrawes from talke and company,
 Of those that haue bene knowne to fauour you.

To hide the mischief of their meaning there,
Rumours are spread of your preparing here.
The rascal numbers of our kinsfull sort
Are filled with monstrous tales of you and yours.
In secreete I was counselled by my frendes,
To haue me thence, and brought you as you know
Letters from those, that both can truly tell,
And would not write vnieste they knew it well.

Philand. My lord, yet ere you mone vnkindly warre,
Send to your brother to demaund the cause.
Perhappes some traitorous tales haue filled his eares
With falsc reportes against your noble grace:
Which once disclosed, shall end the growing strife,
That els not stayd with wise foresight in time
Shall hazarde both your kingdomes and your liues.
Send to your father ere he shall appeale
Your kindled mindes, and rid you of this feare.

Porrex. Bidde me of feare? I feare him not at all:
He will to him, ne to my father send.
If danger were for one to tary there,
Thinke ye it safetic to returne againe?
In mischiefes, such as Ferrex now intendes,
The wonted courtious lawes to messengers
Are not obserued, which in iust warre they vse.
Shall I so hazard any one of mine?
Shall I betray my trusty frendes to him,
That haue disclosed his treason vnto me?
Let him entreate that feares, I feare him not.
Or shall I to the king my father send:
Yea and send now, while such a mother liues,
That loues my brother, and that hateth me?
Shall I geue leasure, by my sonde delays,
To Ferrex to oppresse me all vnto ware?
I will not, but I will invade his realme,

And





And seeke the traitour prince within his court.
 Mischiefe for mischief is a due reward.
 His wretched head shall pay the worthy price
 Of this his treason and his hate to me.
 Shall I abide, and treate, and send and pray,
 And holde my yelden throate to traitours knife?
 While I with valiant minde and conquering force,
 Might rid my selfe of foes: and winne a realme?
 Yet rather, when I haue the wretches head,
 Then to the king my father will I send.
 The bootlesse case may yet appease his wrath:
 If not, I will defend me as I may.

Philand. Lo here the end of these two youthful kings,
 The fathers death, the ruine of their realmes.
 „ Most unhappy state of counscilers,
 „ That light on so unhappy lordes and times,
 „ That neither can their good aduise be heard,
 „ Yet must they beare the blames of ill successe.
 But I will to the king their father haste,
 Ere this mischief come to the likely end,
 That if the mindfull wrath of wretched Gods,
 Since mightie Ilions fall not yet appeased
 With these pooze remnautes of the Troian name,
 Haue not determyined by vnnoued fate
 Out of this realme to rase the Brittilhe line,
 By good aduise, by awe of fathers name,
 By force of wiser lordes, this kindled hate
 May yet be quentched, ere it consume vs all.

Chorus. when youth not bidden with a guiding say
 Is left to ranson of their stoue delight,
 And wolds whole realmes, by force of souerain sway,
 Great is the danger of vnmastred might,

D. iii.

Act

Lett skillesse rage thowme downe with headlong fall
 Their lands, their states, their liues, their selues & al.
 When growing pride doth fill the swelling brest,
 And greedy lust doth rayse the climbing minde,
 Oh hardlie maye the perill be reppell,
 Ne feare of angric Goddes, ne lawes kinde.
 Ne countries care can fiered hartes restrayne,
 When foyle hath armed enuie and disdain
 When kinges of foylettie will neglect the rede
 Of best aduise, and yelde to pleasing tales,
 That do their families noysome humour feede,
 Ne reason, noz regarde of right auailles.
 Succeeding heapes of plagues shall teach to late,
 To learne the mischiefes of misguided state.
 Fowle fall the traitour false, that vndermines
 The loue of brythren to destroye them both.
 Wo to the prince, that pliant eare enclynes,
 And yeldes his mind to peysonous tale, that floweth
 From flatterring mouth. And wo to wretched land
 That waffes it selfe with ciuil sworde in hand.
 Loe, thus it is, poyson in golde to take,
 And holsonne drinke in homely cuppe forsake.

C The order and signification of the dances shewen before the thirde act.

C Firste the musike of lutes began to playe, during which
 came in vpon the stage a company of mourners all clad in
 blacke betokening death and sorrowe to ensue vpon the ill ad-
 uised misgouernement and dilacion of brythren, as befall
 vpon the murderer of Ferrer by his younger brother. After
 the mourners had passed throught about the stage, they de-
 parted, and then the musike ceased.

Actus

Actus tertius.

Scena prima.

Gorboduc. Enbulus. Aroftus. Philander. Nuntius.

GORB: O cruel fates, O mindful wrath of Goddess,
whose vengeance neither Simois stayned streames
Flowing with bloud of Troian princes slaine,
Nor Phrygian fieldes made raiick with corpes dead
Of Asian kynges and lordes, can yet appeale,
Re slaughter of unhappie Pryams race,
Nor lions fall made leuell with the soile.
Can yet suffice; but still continued rage
Pursues our lynes, and from the farthest seas
Doth chase the issues of destroyed Troye.
O no man happie, till his ende be seene.
If any flowing wealth and seemyng toye
In present yeres might make a happy wight,
Happie was Hecuba the wofullest wretch
That euer lyued to make a myrroure of,
And happie Pryam with his noble sonnes,
And happie I, till nowe alas I see
And feele my most unhappye wretchednesse.
Beholde my lordes, read ye this letter here.
Loe it contains the ruine of our realme,
If timelie speede prouide not hastie helpe.
Yet (O ye Goddess) if euer wofull kyng
Might moue ye kings of kinges, wreke it on me
And on my sonnes, not on this guiltlesse realme.
Send downe your wasting flames sed wrathful sties,
To reue me and my sonnes the hatefull breath.
Read, read my lordes: this is the matter why
I called ye nowe to haue your good aduise.

D.iiii.

C The

C The letter from Dordan the Coun-
sellour of the elder pynce.

Enbulus readeth the letter.

My soueraigne lord, what I am loth to write,
But lothest am to see, that I am forced
By letters nowe to make you vnderstande,
My lord Ferrex your eldest sonne misledde
By traitorous fraude of yong vntempryd wittes,
Assembleth force agaynst your yonger sonne,
He can my counsell yet withdraue the heate
And furyous panges of hys enflained head.
Disdaine (sayth he) of his disheritance
Armes him to wreke the great pretended wrong,
With ciuill sword vpon his brothers life.
If present helpe do not restraine this rage,
This flame will wast your sonnes, your land, & you.

Your maiesties faithfull and most
humble subiect Dordan.

ARostus. O king, appeale your griefe and stay your
Great is the matter, and a wofull case. (plaint.
But timely knowledg may bring timely helpe.
Sende for them both vnto your presence here.
The reuerence of your honourage, and state,
Your graue aduice, the awe of fathers name,
Shall quicklie knit agayne this broken peace.
And if in either of my lordes your sonnes,
Be suche vntamed and vnyelding pride,
As will not bende vnto your noble helles:
If Ferrex the elder sonne can beare no peere,
D? Porrex not content, aspires to more

Then

That you him gave above his native right:
Ioyne with the iustter side, so shall you force
Them to agree, and holde the lande in stay.

Eub. what meaneth this? Loe yonder comes in haſt
Philander from my lord your yonger ſonne.

Gorb. The Goddes ſende ioyfull newes.

Phil. The mightie Ioue
Preſerue your maieſtie, O noble king.

Gorb. Philander, welcome: but how doth my ſonne?

Phil. Your ſonne, ſir, lyues, and healthie I him left.
But yet (O king) the want of luſtfull health
Could not be halfe ſo grieſfull to your grace,
As theſe moſt wretched tidyngeſ that I bring.

Gorb. O heauens, yet more? not ende of woꝛs to mee?

Phil. Tyndar, O king, came lately from the court
Of Ferrex, to my lord your yonger ſonne,
And made repoꝛte of great prepared ſtoꝛe
Foz warre, and ſayth that it is wholly ment
Agaynſt Porrex, foz high diſdayne that he
Lyues now a king and egall in degꝛee
With him, that claineth to ſuccede the whole,
As by due title of diſcending right.

Porrex is nowe ſo ſet on ſtaining fire,
Partely with kindled rage of cruell wꝛath,
Partely with hope to gaine a realme thereby,
That he in haſt preparerth to inuade
His brothers land, and with unkindely warre
Threatens the murder of your elder ſonne,
He could I him perſwade that firſt he ſhould
Send to his brother to demaunde the cauſe,
Noꝛ yet to you to ſtaie this hatefull ſtrife.

E. i.

wherfore

wherfoze liche there no moze I can be hearde,
I come my selfe now to enforce your grace,
And to beseeche you, as you loue the life
And safetic of your children and your realme,
How to employ your wisdom and your foze.
To stay this mischief ere it be to late.

Gorb. Are they in armes? would he not sende to me?
Is this the honour of a fathers name?
In vaine we trauaile to asswage their mindes,
As if their barres, whome neither brothers loue,
Nor fathers awe, nor kingdomes cares, can moue,
Our counsels could withdraw from raging heat.
Loue slay them both, and end the cursed line.
For though perhaps feare of such mightie foze
As I my lordes, ioynd with your noble aides,
Maye yet raise, shall repress their present heate,
The secret grudge and malice will remaine,
The fire not quenched, but kept in close restraint,
Fedde still within, breakes forth with double flame.
Their death and myne must peaze the angrie Gods

Phil. Yelde not, O king, so much to weake dispeire.
Your sonnes yet lyue, and long I trust, they shall.
If fates had taken you from earthly life,
Before beginning of this ciuill strife:
Perhaps your sonnes in their vnmastered youth,
Loose from regarde of any lyuing wight,
Would runne on headlong, with vnbidled race,
To their owne death and ruine of this realme.
But sith the Gods, that haue the care for kinges,
Of thinges and times dispose the order so,
That in your life this kindled flame breakes forth,
While yet your lyfe, your wisdom, and your power,
May stay the growing mischief, and repress
The fierie blaze of their inkindled heate:

It seemes, and so we ought to deeme thereof,
That louyng loue hath tempred so the time
Of this debate to happen in your dayes,
That you yet lyuing may the same appeare,
And adde it to the glory of your latter age,
And they our sonnes may learne to liue in peace.
Beware (O king) the greatest harne of all,
Lest by your waylefull plaints your hastened death
Yelde larger rounne vnto their growing rage.
Preserue your life, the onely hope of stay.
And if your highnes herein list to vse
Wisdomme or force, counsell or knightly aide:
Loe we, our persons, powers and lynes are yours,
We vs tyll death, O king, we are your owne.

Eub. Loe here the perill that was erst foresene,
When you, (O king) did first deuide your lande,
And yelde your present reigne vnto your sonnes,
But now (O noble prince) now is no time
To waile and plaine, and wast your wofull life.
Now is the time for present good aduise.
Sorrow doth darke the iudgement of the wytte.
,, The hart vnbroken and the courage free
,, From feble faintnesse of bootelesse despeire,
,, Doth either rype to safetie or renowne
,, By noble valure of vnuanquishd minde,
,, Or yet doth perishe in moze happy soyt.
Your grace may send to either of your sonnes
Some one both wise and noble personage,
Which with good counsell and with weightie name,
Of father, shall present before their eyes
Your best, your life, your safetie and their owne,
The present mischicte of their deadly strife.
And in the while, assemble you the force
Which your commaundement and the speedy hast

Of all my lordes here present can prepare.
The terrour of your mightie power shall stay
The rage of both, or yet of one at least.

Nun. O king the greatest griefe that euer prince dyd
That euer wofull messenger did tell, (heare,
That euer wretched lande hath sene before,
I bying to you. Porrex your yonger sonne
With soden force, inuaded hath the lande
That you to Ferrex did allotte to rule,
And with his owne most bloudy hand he hath
His brother slaine, and doth possesse his realme.

Gorb. O heauens send down the flames of your re-
Destroy I say with flash of wretched fier (uenge,
The traitour sonne, and then the wretched fire.
But let vs go, that yet perchappes I may
Die with reuenge, and peaze the hatefull gods.

Chor. The lust of kingdome knowes no sacred faith,
No rule of reason, no regarde of right,
No kindely loue, no feare of heauens wrath:
But with contempt of Goddes, and mans despite,
Through blodie slaughter, doth prepare the waies
To satall scepter and accursed reigne.
The sonne so lothes the fathers lingering daies,
He breades his hand in brothers blode to staine.
O wretched prince, ne dost thou yet recorde
The yet fresh) murders done within the launde
Of thy forefathers, when the cruell sworde
Berett Morgan his life with cosyns hand?
Thus satall plagues pursue the guiltie race,
Whose murderous hand imbued with guiltlesse blood
Askes vengeance still before the heauens face,
With endless mischiefes on the cursed broode.

The



The wicked childe thus brings to woofull fire
 The mournefull plaintes, to wast his very life.
 Thus do the cruell flames of curyll fier
 Destroy the parted reigne with hatefull strife.
 And hence doth spring the well from which doth flow
 The dead black streames of mourning, plaintes & woe.

CThe order and signification
 of the donne shew befoze the fourth act.

First the musick of Hoboies begā to plaie, during which
 there came from vnder the stage, as though out of hell thre
 furies. Mlecto, Megera, and Ctesiphone, clad in black gar-
 mentes sprinkled with bloud and flames, their bodies girt
 with snakes, their heds tyed with serpentes in stead of
 heare, the one bearing in her hand a Snake, the other a
 whip, and the third a burning Firebrand: ech driving befoze
 them a king and a queene, which moued by furies vnnatu-
 rally had slaine their owne children. The names of the kings
 and queenes were these. Tantalus, Medea, Athamas, Ino,
 Cambises, Althea, after that the furies and these had pas-
 sed about the stage thise, they departed and than the mu-
 sicke ceased: hereby was signified the vnnaturall murders to
 folloze, that is to say. Doyrex slaine by his owne mother. And
 of king Goboduc and queene Aiden, killed by their owne
 subiectes.

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

Viden sola.

Vid. why should I lye, and linger forth my time
 In longer life to double my distresse?
 O me most woofull wight, whom no mishappe
 E. iij. Long

Long ere this day could haue bereued hence.
Mought not these handes by fortune, or by fate,
Haue perst this brest, and life with iron reite:
O; in this palace here, where I so long
Haue spent my daies, could not that happie houre
Dunce, once haue hapt in which these hugie frames
With death by fall might haue oppressed me?
O; should not this most hard and cruell soile,
So oft where I haue prest my wretched steps,
Sometime had ruthe of myne accursed life,
To rende in twayne swallow me therein?
So had my bones possessed now in peace
Their happie graue within the closed grounde,
And greedie wormes had gnawen this pyned hart
Without my feeling payne: so should not now
This lyuing brest remaine the ruthefull tombe,
Wherin my hart yelden to death is graned:
Nor diuery thoughts with pangas of pining griefe
My dolefull minde had not afflicted thus.
O my beloued sonne: O my swete childe,
My deare Ferrex, my ioye, my lyues dellyght,
Is my beloued sonne, is my swete childe,
My deare Ferrex, my ioye, my lyues dellyght.
Murdered with cruell death? O hatefull wretch,
O heynous traitour both to heauen and earth.
Thou Porrex, thou this damned dede hast wrought,
Thou Porrex, thou shalt dearely bye the same.
Traitor to kinne and kinde, to sire and me,
To thine owne fleshe, and traitour to thy selfe.
The Gods on thee in hell shall weke their wrath,
And here in earth this hand shall take reuenge,
On thee Porrex, thou false and caitife wight.
If after bloud, so eigre were thy thirst,
And murderous minde had so possessed thee,
If such hard hart of rocke and stonie flint

Lucco





Lined in thy brest, that nothing els could like
Thy cruell tyrantes thought but death and bloud:
wilde sauage beasts, mought not their slaughter serue
To fede thy greedie will, and in the middes
Of their entrails to staine thy deadly handes
With bloud deserued, and drinke thereof thy fill:
O: if nought els but death and blond of man
Mought please thy iust, could none in Brittain land,
whose hart betoꝛne out of his panting brest
with thine owne hand, oꝛ worke what death thou
Suffice to make a sacrifice to peaze (wouldest,
That deadly minde and murderous thought in thee?
But he who in the selfe same wombe was wrapped,
where thou in dismall hower receiuedst life?
O: if nedes, nedes, thy hand must slaughter make,
Moughtest thou not haue reached a mortall wound,
And with thy sword haue pearced this cursed wombe,
That the accursed Porrex brought to light,
And geuen me a iust reward therfore?
So Ferrer yet sweete life mought haue enioyed,
And to his aged father comfort brought,
with some yong sonne in whom they both might liue.
But whereunto waste I this ruthfull speche,
To thee that hast thy brothers bloud thus shed?
Shall I still thinke that fro this wombe thou sprong?
That I thee bare? oꝛ take thee for my sonne?
No traitour, no: I thee refuse for mine,
Murderer I thee renounce, thou art not mine.
Neuer, O wretch, this wombe conuined thee,
Nor neuer bode I painfull throwes for thee.
Changeling to me thou art, and not my childe,
Nor to no wight, that sparke of pittie knew.
Ruthlesse, unkinde, monster of natures worke,
Thou neuer suckt the milke of womans brest,
But from thy birch the cruell Tigers teates

Have murthered thee, nor yet of flesh and blood
Founde is thy hart, but of hard iron wrought,
And wilde and desert woods hatched thee to life.
But canst thou hope to scape my iust reuenge?
Or that these handes will not be wrooke on thee?
Dost thou not knowe that Ferrex mother liues
That loued him more dearly than her selfe?
And doth she liue, and is not benged on thee?

Actus quartus. Scena secunda.

Gorboduc. Aroftus. Eubulus. Porrex. Marcella.

Gorb. we maruell much wherto this lingring stay
Falles out so long: Porrex vnto our court
By order of our letters is returned,
And Eubulus returned from vs by hest
At his arrivall here to geue him charge
Befoze our presence straight to make repaire,
And yet we haue no worde whercof he stapes.

Aroftus. Lo where he comnes & Eubulus with him.

Eubulus. According to your highnesse hest to me,
Here haue I Porrex brought euen in such sort
As from his wretched horse he did alight,
For that your grace did will such hast therein.

Gorboduc. We like and praisse this speedy will in you,
To worke the thing that to your charge we gaue.
Porrex, if we so farre should swaue from kinde,
And from those boundes which lawe of nature sets,
As thou hast done by vile and wretched deeде,
In cruell murder of thy brothers life,
Our present hand could stay no longer time,
But straight should bathe this blade in blood of thee
As





As iust reuenge of thy detested crime.
No: we should not offend the lawe of kinde,
If now this sworde of ours did slay thee here:
For thou hast murdered him, whose heinous death
Euen natures force doth moue vs to reuenge
By blood againe: and iustice forceth vs
To meature death for death, thy due desert.
Yet fathers thou art our childe, and litch as yet
In this hard case what worde thou canst alledge
For thy defence, by vs hath not bene heard,
we see content to slaye our will for that
which iustice biddes vs presently to worke,
And geue thee leane to vile thy speche at full
If ought thou haue to lay for thine excuse.

Porrex. Neither O king, I can or will denie
But that this hand from Ferrex life hath rest:
which fact how much my dolfull hart doth waile,
Oh would it mought as full appeare to sight
As inward grieffe doth poure it forth to me.
So yet perhappes if euer ruthfull hart
Melting in teares within a manly brest,
Through depe repentance of his bloudy fact,
If euer grieffe, if euer wofull man
Might moue regreite with sojrowe of his fault,
I thinke the torment of my mournfull case
Knowne to your grace, as I do feele the same,
would force euen wrath her selfe to pitie me.
But as the water troubled with the mudde
Shewes not the face which els the eye should see.
Euen so your irefull minde with stirred thought,
Can not so perfectly discerne my cause.
But this unhappe, amongst so many heapes,
I must content me with, most wretched man,
That to my selfe I must reserue my woe

In pining thoughtes of mine accursed fact,
 Since I may not shewe here my smallest grieft
 Such as it is, and as my best endures,
 Which I esteeme the greatest miserie
 Of all misshappes that fortune now can send,
 Not that I rest in hope with plaint and teares
 To purchase life: for to the Goddes I clepe
 For true recorde of this my faithfull speche,
 Neuer this hart shall haue the thoughtfull dread
 To die the death that by your graces done
 By iust desert, shall be pronounced to me:
 Nor neuer shall this tongue once spend the speche
 ardon to craue, or seeke by sute to liue.
 I meane not this, as though I were not touchde
 with care of dreadfull death, or that I helde
 life in contempt: but that I know, the minde
 stoupes to no dread, although the fleshe be fraile,
 And for my gilt, I yeilde the same so great
 As in my selfe I finde a feare to sue
 For graunt of life.

Gorboduc. In vaine, O wretch, thou shewest
 A wofull hart, Ferrex now lies in graue,
 Slaine by thy hand.

Porrex. Yet this, O father, heare:
 And then I end. Your maiestie well knowes,
 That when my brother Ferrex and my selfe
 By your owne best were ioyned in gouernance
 Of this your graces realme of Brittain land,
 I neuer sought nor trauailed for the same,
 Nor by my selfe, nor by no frend I wrought,
 But from your highnesse will alone it sprong,
 Of your most gracious goodnesse bent to me.
 But how my brothers hart euen then repined
 With swollen dilidaine againt mine egall rule,
 Seing



Seeing that realme, which by descent should grow
wholly to him, allotted halfe to me?
Euen in your highnesse court he now remaines,
And with my brother then in nearest place,
who can recorde, what prooffe thereof was shewde,
And how my brothers enuious hart appearde.
Yet I that iudged it my part to seeke
His fauour and good will, and loth to make
Your highnesse know, the thing which should haue
Grief to your grace, & your offence to him, (brought
Hoping my earnest sute should soone haue woune
A louing hart within a brothers brest,
wrought in that sort that for a pledge of loue
And faithfull hart, he gaue to me his hand.
This made me thinke, that he had banisht quite
All rancour from his thought and bare to me.
Such hartie loue, as I did owe to him.
But after once we left your graces court,
And from your highnesse presence lined apart,
This egall rule still, still, did grudge him so
That now those enuious sparkes which erst lay raked
In liuing cinders of dissembling brest,
Kindled so farre within his hart disdainc,
That longer could he not refraine from prooffe
Of secrete practise to deprive me life
By poysons force, and had bereft me so,
If mine owne seruant hired to this fact
And moued by trowth with hate to worke the same,
In time had not betrayed it vnto me.
When thus I sawe the knot of loue unknitte,
All honest league and faithfull promise broke,
The law of kinde and trowth thus rent in twaine,
His hart on mischief set, and in his brest
Blacke treason hid, then, then did I despire
That euer time could woune him friend to me.

f. v.

Then

x

Then sawe I howe he smiled with slaying hands
wrapped under cloaks, then sawe I depe deceite
Looke in his face and death prepared for me:
Euen nature moued me than to holde my life
More deare to me than his, and had this hand,
Since by his life my death must needs ensue,
And by his death my life to be preserved,
To liue his blood, and seeke my safetie so.
And wisdome willed me without protract
In speedie wise to put the same in use.
Thus haue I tolde the cause that moued me
To worke my brothers death and so I yeld
My life, my death, to iudgement of your grace.

Gorb. Oh cruell wight, should any cause puenasse
To make thee staine thy hands with brothers blood?
But what of thee we will resolve to doe,
Shall yet remaine unknowen: Thou in the meane
Shalt from our royall presence banishe be,
Vntill our princely pleasure further shall
To thee be shewed. Depart therefore our sight
Accursed childe. What cruell deserie,
What stroward fate hath sorred vs this chaunce,
That euen in those where we should comfort finde,
Where our delight now in our aged dayes
Should rest and be, euen there our onely grieffe
And depest sorowes to abridge our life,
Most pynning cares and deadly thoughts do growe?

Aros. Your grace should now in these graue peres of
Dane found ere this y price of mortall ioyes, (yours
How short they be, how fading here in earth,
How full of chaunge, how brittle our estate,
Of nothing sure, saue onely of the death,
To whom both man and all the world do owe
Their end at last, neither should natures power





In other sort against your hart preuaile,
Than as the naked hand whose stroke assayes
The armed brest where force doth light in vaine.

Gorbod. Many can yelde right sage and graue aduise
Of patient sprite to others wrapped in woe,
And can in speche both rule and conquere kinde,
who if by prooffe they might feele natures force,
would shew them selues men as they are in dede,
which now wil nedes be gods. But what doth meane
The sory chere of her that here doth come?

Marcella. Oh where is ruth? or where is pitie now?
whether is gentle hart and mercy fled?
Are they exiled out of our stony brestes,
Never to make returne? is all the world
Drowned in blood, and soncke in crueltie?
If not in women mercy may be found,
If not (alas) within the mothers brest,
To her owne childe, to her owne fleshe and blood,
If ruthe be banished thence, if pitie there
May haue no place, if there no gentle hart
Do liue and dwell, where should we seeke it then?

Gorb. Madams (alas) what meanes your woofull tale?

Marcella. O sillie woman I, why to this houre
Haue kinde and fortune thus deferred my breath,
That I should liue to see this dolefull day?
Will euer wight beleue that such hard hart
Could rest within the cruell mothers brest,
with her owne hand to slay her onely sonne?
But our (alas) these eyes behelde the same,
They saw the driery sight, and are become
Most ruthfull recordes of the bloody fact.
Porrex (alas) is by his mother slaine,
And with her hand, a woofull thing to tell,

While slumbering on his carefull bed he restes
His hart stabde in with knife is rest of life.

Gorboduc. O Eubulus, oh draw this sword of ours,
And pearce this hart with speed. O hatefull light,
O lothsome life, O sweete and welcome death.
Deare Eubulus worke this we thee besech,

Eubulus. Patient your grace, perhappes he liueth yet,
With wound receaued, but not of certaine death.

Gorboduc. O let vs then repayre vnto the place,
And see if Porrex liue, or thus be slaine.

Marcella. Alas he liueth not, it is to true,
That with these eyes of him a percelle prince,
Somme to a king, and in the flower of youth,
Euen with a twinke a sencelesse stocke I saw.

Aroftus. O damned deede.

Marcella. But heare hys ruthfull end.
The noble prince, pearst with the sodeine wound,
Out of his wretched slumber hastily start,
Whose strength now fayling straight he ouerthrew,
When in the fall his eyes euen new vncloused
Behelde the Queene, and cryed to her for helpe.
We then, alas, the ladies which that time
Did there attend, seing that heynous deede,
And hearing him oft call the wretched name
Of mother, and to crye to her for aide,
Whose direfull hand gaue him the mortall wound,
Dyring (alas) for nought els could we do)
His ruthfull end, ranne to the wofull bedde,
Dispoyled straight his brest, and all we might
Wiped in vaine with napkins next at hand,
The sodeine streames of bloud that flushed fast
Out of the gaping wound, O what a looke,
O what



O what a ruthfull stedfast eye me thought
He fixt vpon my face, which to my death
will neuer part fro me, when with a braide
A deepe set sigh he gaue, and therewithall
Clasping his handes, to heauen he cast his sight,
And straight pale death pressing within his face
The flying ghost his mortall corpes forsooke.

Arosus. Neuer did age bring forth so vile a fact.

Marcella. **O** hard and cruell happe, that thus assigned
Unto so worthy a wight so wretched end:
But most hard cruell hart, that could consent
To lend the hatefull deservies that hand,
By which, alas, so heynous crime was wrought.
O Queene of adamant, **O** marble brest,
If not the fauour of his comely face,
If not his princely chere and countenance,
His valiant active armes, his manly brest,
If not his faire and seemely personage,
His noble limmes in such proportion cast
As would haue wrapt a sillie womans thought,
If this mought not haue moued thy bloudy hart.
And that most cruell hand the wretched weapon
Euen to let fall, and kisse him in the face,
With teares for ruthe to reauie such one by death:
Should nature yet consent to slay her sonne?
O mother, thou to murder thus thy childe?
Euen loue with iniustice must with lightning flames
Fro heauen send downe some strange reuenge on thee.
Oh noble prince, how oft haue I behelde
Thee mounted on thy fierce and traunpling siede,
Shining in armour bright before the tilt,
And with thy mistresse slene tied on thy helme,
And charge thy staffe to please thy ladies eye,
That bowed the head peece of thy frendly foe?

How

How oft in armes on horse to bend the necke?
How oft in armes on foote to breake the swoorde,
which neuer now these eyes may see againe.

Arosfus. Madame, alas, in vaine these plaints are syled,
rather with me depart, and helpe to swage,
The thoughtfull griefes that in the aged king
Must needs by nature growe, by death of this
His onely sonne, whom he did holde so deare.

Marcella. what wight is that which sawe þ I did see,
And could refraine to waile with plaint and teares?
Not I, alas, that hart is not in me.
But let vs goe, for I am greued anew,
To call to minde the wretched fathers woe.

Chorus. when greedy lust in royall seat to reigne
Hath rest all care of Goddes and eke of men,
And cruell hart, wrath, treason, and disdaine
Within ambitious host are lodged, then
Beholde how mischief wide her selfe displays,
And with the brothers hand the brother slayes.
When blood thus shed, doth staine the heauens face,
Trying to loue for vengeance of the dede,
The mightie God euen moueth from his place,
With wrath to wreke: then sendes he forth with speede
The dreadfull furies, daughters of the night,
With Serpentes girt, carrying the whip of ire,
With heere of stinging Snakes, and shining bright
With flames and blood, and with a brand of fire.
These for reuenge of wretched murder done,
Do make the mocher kill her onely sonne.
Blood asketh blood, and death must death requite.
Ioue by his iust and cuerlasting done
Iustly hath euer so requited it,

The



The times before recorde, and times to come
 Shall finde it true, and so doth present proofe
 Present before our eyes for our behoofe.
 O happy wight that suffres not the snare
 Of murderous minde to tangle him in blood.
 And happy he that can in time beware
 By others harmes and turne it to his good.
 But too to him that fearing not to offend
 Doth serue his lust, and will not see the end,

CThe order and signification
 of the donne she to before the fifth act.

First the drummes & flutes, began to sound, during which
 there came forth vpon the stage a company of Murgabuliers
 and of Armed men all in order of battaile. These after their
 peeces discharged, and that the armed men had three times
 marched about the stage, departed, and then the drummes and
 flutes did cease. Hereby was signified tumults, rebellions,
 armes and ciuill warres to followe, as fell in the realme of
 great Brittain, which by the space of fiftie yeares & more
 continued in ciuill warre betwene the nobilitie after the death
 of king Gododoc, and of his issues, for want of certayne li-
 gitacion in succession of the crowne, till the time of Dunwel-
 lo Molmutius, who reduced the land to monarchie.

Actus quintus. Scena prima.

Clotyn. Mandud. Gwenard. Fergus. Eubulus.

CLoc. Did euer age bring forth such tyrants hearts?
 The brother hath bereft the brothers life,
 The mother she hath died her cruell handes
 In blood of her owne sonne, and now at last
 The people loe forgetting trowth and loue,

B. J. Con:

Contemning quite both law and loyall hart,
Euen they haue slaine their soueraigne lord & queene.

Mand. Shall this their traitorous crime unpunished
Euen yet they cease not, carped on with rage, (rest)
In their rebellious routes, to threaten still
A new blood shed vnto the princes kinne,
To slay them all, and to vproote the race
Both of the king and queene, so are they moued
With Porrex death, wherein they falsely charge
The guiltlesse king without desert at all,
And traitorously haue murdered him therfore,
And eke the queene.

Gwena. Shall subiectes dare with force
To waake reuenge vpon their princes face?
Admit the worst that may, as sure in this
The deede was foule, the queene to slay her soune,
Shall yet the subiect seeke to take the sward,
Arise agaynst his lord, and slay his king?
O wretched state, where those rebellious hartes
Are not rent out euen from their liuing breastes,
And with the body throtten vnto the foules
As carrion foode, for terrour of the rest.

Ferg. There can no punishment be thought to great
For this so greuous cyme: let speede therfore
Be vsed therein for it becometh so.

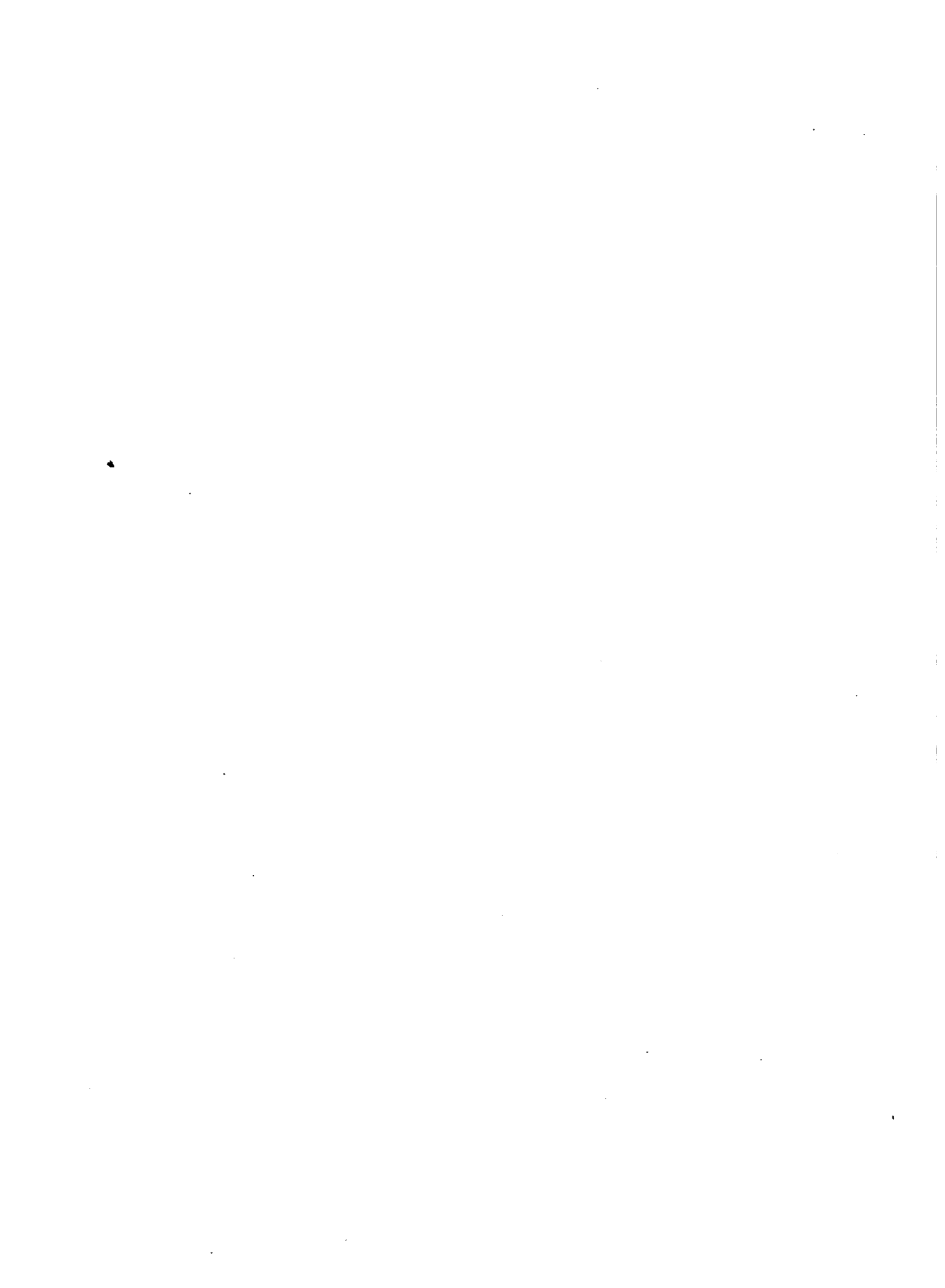
Eubulus. Ye all my lordes, I see consent in one
And I as one consent with ye in all.
I holde it more than neede with sharpest lawe
To punish this tumultuous bloudy rage.
For nothing more may shake the common state,
Than sufferance of vproares without redresse,
Wherby howe some kingdomes of mightie power
After great conquestes made, and flourishing

In fame and wealth, have ben to ruine brought,
 I pray to loue that we may rather waile
 Such happe in them than witness in our selues.
 The fully with the duke my minde agrees,
 Though kinges forget to gouerne as they ought,
 Yet subiectes must obey as they are bounde.
 But now my lordes, before ye farther wade,
 Do spend your speech, what sharpe reuenge shall fall
 By iustice plague on these rebellious wightes,
 Shee thinke ye rather should first search the way,
 By which in time the rage of this uprouce
 Mought be repressed, and these great tumults ceased.
 Euen yet the life of Britayne land doth hang
 In traitours balance of vnegall weight.
 I thinke not my lordes the death of Gorboduc,
 Nor yet Videnaes blood will cease their rage:
 Euen our stone tyues, our wines and children deare,
 Our countrey dearest of all, in daunger standes,
 Now to be spoiled, now, now made desolate,
 And by our selues a conquest to endue.
 For gone once swey into the peoples lasses,
 To rully forth on, and stay them not in time,
 And as the streame that rowleth downe the hyll,
 So will they headlong runne with raging thoughtes
 From blond to blond, from mischief into inoe,
 To ruine of the realme, them selues and all,
 So giddy are the common peoples mindes,
 So glad of change, more waivering than the sea.
 Ye see (my lordes) what strength these rebelles haue,
 What hugie nombre is assembled still,
 For though the traiterous fact, for which they rose
 Be wrought and done, yet lodge they still in field
 So that how farre their furies yet will stretch
 Great cause we haue to dreade. That we may seeke
 By present battaile to repress their power,

B.ij.

Speede

Speede must we vse to leuie force therefore.
For either they forthwith will mischief worke,
Or their rebellious roares forthwith will cease.
These violent things may haue no lasting long.
Let vs therefore vse this for present helpe,
Perswade by gentle speach, and offre grace
With gift of pardon saue vnto the chiefe,
And that vpon condicion that forthwith
They yelde the captaines of their enterprisc,
To beare such guerdon of their traitterous fact,
As may be both due vengeance to them selues,
And holisome terrour to posteritie.
This shall, I thinke, scatter the greatest part,
That now are holden with desire of home,
Woried in field with cold of winters nightes,
And some (no doubt) stricken with dread of law.
When this is once proclaimed, it shall make
The captaines to mistrust the multitude,
Whose safetie biddes them to betray their heads,
And so much more because the rascall routes,
In thinges of great and perillous attemptes,
Are neuer trustie to the noble race.
And while we treat and stand on termes of grace,
we shall both stay their furies rage the while,
And the game time, whose onely helpe sufficeth
Withouten warre to vanquish rebelles power
In the meane while, make you in redynes
Such band of hopscmen as ye may prepare.
Hopscmen (you know) are not the common strength,
But are the force and stowe of noble men,
Wherby the vnchoisen and vnarmed sort
Of skillest rebelles, whome none other power
But nombr makes to be of dreadfull force,
With sodayne brunt may quickety be oppress.
And if this gentle meane of proffered grace,



With stubborne hartes cannot so farre amyle,
As to asswage their desperate courages.
Then do I wish such slaughter to be made,
As present age and eke posteritie
May be adrad with honour of reuenge,
That iustly then shall on these rebels fall.
This is my lord the summe of mine aduise.

Clorin. Neither this case admittes debate at large,
And though it did, this speech that hath ben sayd
Hath well abridged the tale I would haue tolde.
Fully with Eubulus do I consent
In all that he hath sayd: and if the same
To you my lordes, may seme for best aduise,
I wish that it should streight be put in vse.

Mandud. My lordes then let vs presently depart,
And followe this that liketh vs so well.

Fergus. If euer time to gaine a kingdome here
were offered man, now it is offered mee.
The reahne is rest both of their king and queene,
The offspring of the prince is slaine and dead,
No issue now remaines, the heire unknowen,
The people are in armes and mutynies,
The nobles they are busied how to cease
These great rebellious tumultes and uproares,
And Brittain land now desert left alone
Amyd these broyles uncertayne where to rest,
Offers her selfe vnto that noble hart
That will or dare pursue to beare her crowne.
Shall I that am the duke of Albanye
Discended from that line of noble bloud,
Which hath so long flourishd in worthy fame,
Of valiaunt hartes, such as in noble bestes
Of right should rest about the the halce sort,

Refuse to venture life to winne a crowne?
 Whom shall I finde enemies that will withstand
 My fact herein, if I attempt by armes
 To seeke the same now in these times of broyle?
 These dukes power can hardly well appease
 The people that already are in armes.
 But if perchappes my force be once in field,
 Its not my strength in power about the best
 Of all these lordes now left in Brittain land:
 And though they should match me with power of me,
 Yet doubtfull is the chaunce of battailles ispyed,
 If victors of the field we may depart,
 Ours is the scepter then of great Brittain.
 If slayne amid the playne this body lye,
 Mine enemies yet shall not deny me this,
 But that I dyed getting the noble charge
 To hazarde life for conquest of a crowne.
 Forthwith therefore will I in post depart
 To Albanye, and raise in armour there
 All power I can: and here my secret friends,
 By secret practise shall sollicite still,
 To seeke to wyne to me the peoples hartes.

Actus quintus.

Scena secunda.

Eubulus. Clotyn. Mandud. Gwenard. Arostus. Nuntius.

Ev. O Ioue, howe are these peoples hartes abused!
 What blind fury, thus headlong carries them?
 That though so many booke, so many rolles
 Of auncient time recorde, what greivous plagues
 Light on these rebelles eye, and though so oft
 Their eares have heard their aged fathers tell,
 what





wher in the reward these traitours still receiue,
Yea though their selues haue sene depe death & blood,
By strangling cord and slaughter of the sword,
To such assigned, yet can they not beware,
Yet can not stay their lewde rebellious handes,
But suffering loe foule treason to distaine
Their wretched myndes, forget their loyall hart,
Reiect all truth and rise against their prince,
A rithesfull case, that those, whom duties bond,
whom grafted law by nature, truth, and faith,
Bound to preferre their countrey and their king,
Borne to defend their common wealth and prince,
Euen they should geue consent thus to subuert
Thee Brittain land, & from thy wombe should spring
(O native soule) those, that will needs destroy
And ruyne thee and eke them selues in fine.
For so, when once the dukes had offered grace
Of pardon sweete, the multitude misledde
By traitorous fraude of their ungracions heades,
One sort that sits the dangerous successe
Of stubborne standing in rebellious warre,
And knowe the difference of princes power
From headlesse nombr of tumultuous routes,
whom common countreies care, and priuate feare,
Taught to repent the errour of their rage,
Layde handes vpon the captaines of their band,
And brought them bound vnto the mightie dukes.
And other sort not trusting yet so well
The truth of pardon, or mistrusting more
Their sworne offence than that they could conceine
Such hope of pardon for so foule misdede,
Or for that they their captaines could not yeld,
who fearing to be yelded fled before,
Stale home by silence of the secret night,
The thirde unhappy and enraged sort

Of desperate hartes, who stained in princes blood
From trayterous furour could not be withdrawen
By loue, by late, by grace, ne yet by feare,
By proffered life, ne yet by thrcatned death,
With mindes hopelesse of life, dreadlesse of death,
Carelesse of countrey, and awelosse of God,
Stood bent to fight, as furies did them moue,
With violent death to close their traiterous life.
These all by power of hoisemen were opprest,
And with reuenging sworde slayne in the field,
Or with the strangling corde hangd on the tree,
Where yet their carryen carcasses do preach
The fruites that rebelles reape of their vproares,
And of the murder of their sacred prince.
But loe, where do approche the noble dukes,
By whom these tumults haue ben thus appealde.

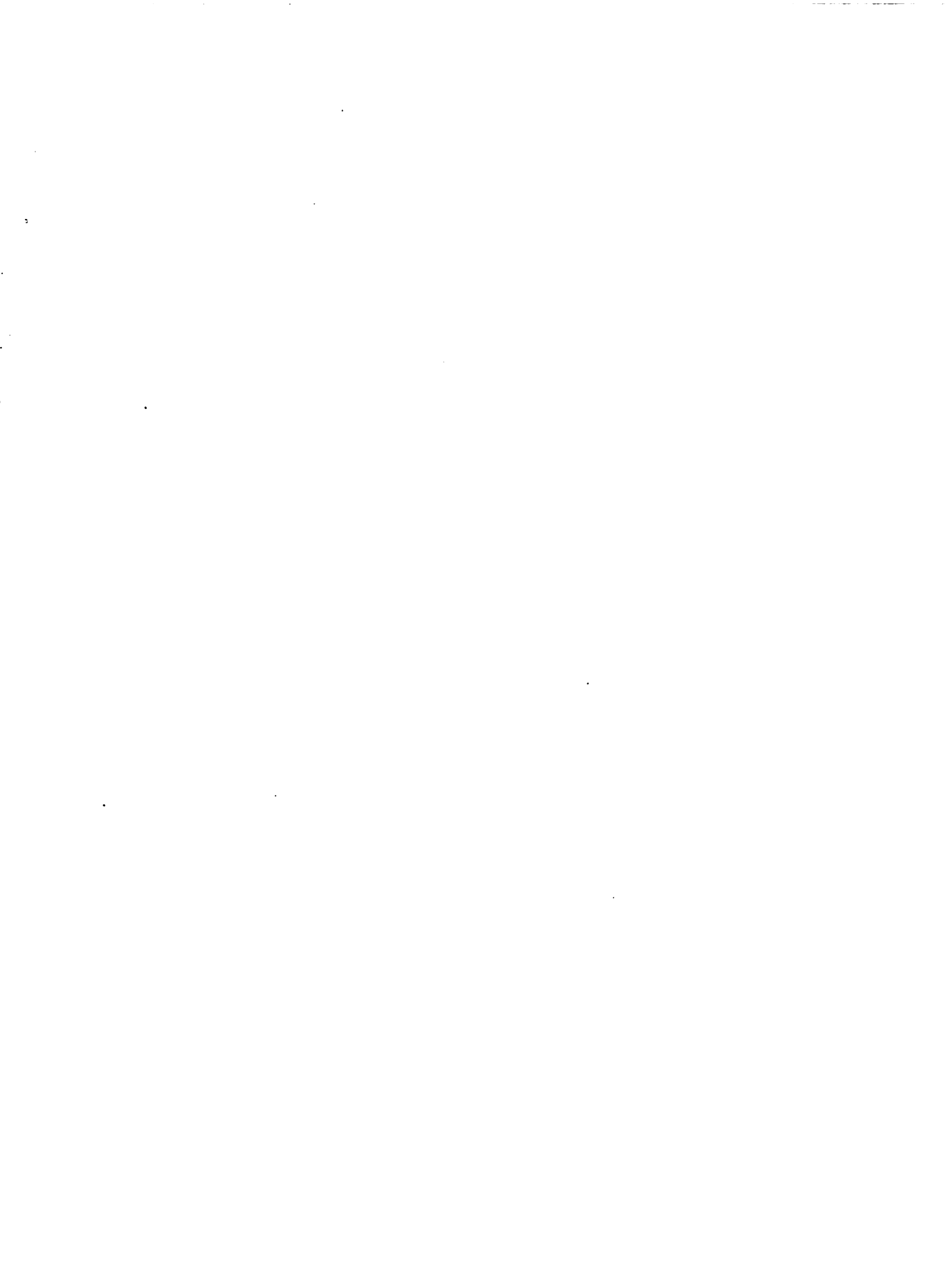
Clotyn. I thinke the world will now at length beware
And feare to put on armes agaynst their prince.

Mand. If not: those trayterous hartes that dare rebel,
Let them beholde the wide and huge fieldes
With blood and bodis spread of rebelles slayne,
The lofty trees clothed with the corpses dead
That strangles with the corde do hang thereon.

Arostus. A iust reward, such as all times befoze
Haue euer lotted to thos wretched folkes.

Gwen. But what meanes he that commeth here so fast?

Nun. My lordes, as duric and my trouth doth moue
And of my countrey worke a care in mee,
That if the spending of my breath auailed
To do the seruice that my hart desires,
I would not shunne to embrace a present death:
So haue I now in that wherein I thought





My trauple mought performe some good effect,
Ventured my life to bring these tydings here.
Fergus the mightie duke of Albany
Is now in armes and lodgeth in the fieelde
With twentie thousand men, herether he bendes
His speedy marche, and mindes to invade the crowne.
Dayly he gathereth strength, and spreads abroad
That to this realme no certaine heire remaines,
That Brittain land is left without a guide,
That he the scepter seekes, for nothing els
But to preferre the people and the land,
Which now remaine as ship without a sterne.
Loe this is that which I haue here to say.

Cloyton. Is this his sayth? and shall he falsly thus
Abuse the vantage of unhappie times?
O wretched land, if his outrageous pride,
His cruell and vntempered wilfulness,
His deepe dissembling shewes of false pretence,
Should once attaine the crowne of Brittain land.
Let vs my lordes, with timely force resist
The new attempt of this our common foe,
As we would quench the flames of common fire.

Mand. Though we remaine without a certain prince,
To weeld the realme or guide the wandring rule,
Yet now the common mother of vs all,
Our native land, our countrey, that containes
Our wives, children, kindred, our selues and all
That euer is or may be deare to man,
Cries vnto vs to helpe our selues and her.
Let vs aduance our powers to repress
This growing foe of all our liberties.

Gwenard. Yea let vs so, my lordes, with hasty speeche.
And ye (O Goddess) send vs the welcome death,

D. i.

To

To shed our blood in field, and leaue vs not
In lothesome life to lenger out our dayes,
To see the huge heapes of these unhappes,
That now roll dotone vpon the wretched land,
where emptie place of princely gouernance,
No certaine stay now left of doubtlesse heire,
Thus leaue this guidelesse realme an open pray,
To endlesse stopnes and waste of ciuill warre.

Arosius. That ye (my lordes) do so agree in one,
To save your countrey from the violent reigne
And wrongfully usurped tyrannie
Of him that threatens conquest of you all,
To save your realme, and in this realme your selues,
From soveraine thraldome of so proud a prince,
Much do I praye, and I beseech the Goddess,
With happy honour to requite it you.
But O my lordes) sith now the heavens wrath
Hath rest this land the issue of their prince,
Sith of the body of our late soueraigne lord
Remaines no more, since the yong kinges be slaine,
And of the title of descended crowne
Uncertainly the diuerse mindes do thinke
Euen of the learned sort, and more uncertainly
To all parciall fauour and affection decme:
But most uncertainly will climbing pride
And hope of reigne withdraw to sundry partes
The doubtfull right and hopefull lust to reigne:
When once this noble seruice is achieved
For Brittain land the mother of ye all,
When once ye haue with armed force repress
The proude attemptes of this Albanian prince,
That threatens thraldome to your native land,
When ye shall vanquishers returne from field,
And finde the princely state an open pray

To

To greedie lust and to blurring potoer,
Then, then (my lordes) if ever kindly care
Of auncient honour of your auncesters,
Of present wealth and noblesse of your stockes,
Yea of the liues and safetrie yet to come
Of your deare wiues, your children, and your selues,
Might moue your noble hartes with gentle ruth,
Then, then, haue pitie on the tozne estate,
Then helpe to salue the welneare hopelesse foze
Which ye shall do, if ye your selues withhold
The slaying knife from your owne mothers throate,
Her shall you saue, and you, and yours in her,
If ye shall all with one assent forbear
Dunce to lay hand or take vnto your selues
The crowne, by colour of pretended right,
Or by what other meanes so euer it be,
Till first by common counsell of you all
In Parliament the regall diademe
Be set in certaine place of gouernance,
In which your Parliament and in your choise,
Preferre the right (my lordes) with respect
Of strength or frendes, or what soeuer cause
That may set forward any others part.
For right will last, and wrong can not endure.
Right meane I his or hers, vpon whose name
The people rest by meane of native line,
Or by the vertue of some former lawe,
Already made their title to aduance.
Such one (my lordes) let be your chosen king,
Such one so borne within your native land,
Such one preferre, and in no wise admitte
The heaue yoke of fozeine gouernance,
Let fozeine titles yelde to publike wealth.
And with that hart wherewith ye now prepare
Thus to withstand the proude inuading foe,
D. 9. with


With that same hart (my lordes) keepe out alſo
Unnaturall thraldome of ſtrangers reigne,
Ne ſuffer you againſt the rules of kinde
Your mother land to ſerue a foireine prince.

Eubulus. Loe here the end of Brutus royall line,
And loe the entry to the woſfull wracke,
And better ruine of this noble realme.

The royall king, and eke his ſonnes are ſlaine,
No ruler reſtes within the regall ſcate,
The heire, to whom the ſcepter longes, vnknown,
That to eche force of foireine princes power,
Whom vauntage of our wretched ſtate may moue
By ſodeine armes to gaine ſo riche a realme,
And to the proud and greedie minde at home,
Whom blinded luſt to reigne leades to aſpire,
Loe Britaine realme is left an open pray,
A preſent ſpoyle by conqueſt to enſue,
Who ſeech not now how many riſing mindes
Do ſeede their thoughts, with hope to reach a realme?
And who will not by force attempt to winne
So great a gaine, that hope perſwades to haue?
A ſimple colour ſhall for title ſerue,
Who winnes the royall crowne will want no right,
Nor ſuch as ſhall diſplay by long diſſent
A lineall race to proue him lawfull king.
In the meane while theſe ciuil armes ſhall rage,
And thus a thouſand miſchiefs ſhall vnfolde,
And ſarre and neare ſpread thee (O Britaine land)
All right and lawe ſhall ceaſe, and he that had
Nothing to day, to morrowe ſhall enioye
Great heapes of golde, and he that ſtoved in wealth,
Loe he ſhall be bereft of life and all,
And happieſt he that then poſſeſſeth leaſt,
The wintes ſhall ſuffer rape, the maides deuoured,
And



And children fatherlesse shall weepe and waile,
With fire and sworde thy natie folke shall perishe,
One kinsman shall bereaue an others life,
The father shall vntoisting slay the sonne,
The sonne shall slay the sire and know it not,
Women and maides the cruell souldiers sword
Shall perle to death, and sillie children loe,
That play in the streetes and fieldes are found,
By violent hand shall close their latter day.
Whom shall the fierce and bloody souldier
Reserne to life? whom shall he spare from death?
Euen thou (O wretched mother) halfe aliuie,
Thou shalt beholde thy deare and onely childe
Slaine with the sworde while he yet suckes thy brest.
Loe, guiltlesse blood shall thus eche where be shed.
Thus shall the wasted soile yelde forth no fruite,
But dearth and famine shall possesse the land.
The towne shall be consumed and burnt with fire,
The peopled cities shall waxe desolate,
And thou, O Brittain, whilome in renowne,
Whilome in wealth and fame, shalt thus be torne,
Dismembred thus, and thus be rent in twaine,
Thus wasted and defaced, spoyled and destroyed,
These be the frutes your ciuil warres will bring.
Hereto it commes when kinges will not consent
To graue aduise, but followe wilfull will.
This is the end, when in sonde princes hartes
Flattery preuailes, and sage rede hath no place.
These are the plagies, when murder is the meane
To make new heices vnto the royall crowne.
Thus worke the Gods, when that the mothers wrath
Hought but the blood of her owne childe may swage.
These mischeces spring when rebels will arise,
To worke reuenge and iudge their princes fact.
This, this ensues, when noble men do faile

In loyall troath, and subiectes will be kinges.
And this doth growe when loe vnto the prince,
whom death or sodaine happe of life bereaues,
No certaine heire remaines, sith certaine heire,
As not all onely is the rightfull heire,
But to the realme is so made knowen to be,
And troath therby vested in subiectes hartes.
To owe sayth there where right is knowen to rest.
Alas, in Parliament what hope can be,
When is of Parliament no hope at all?
Which, though it be assembled by consent,
Yet is not likely with consent to end,
While eche one for him selfe, or for his frend,
Against his foe, shall tramale what he may.
While now the state left open to the man,
That shall with greatest force invade the same,
Shall fill ambitious mindes with gaping hope,
When will they once with yelding hartes agree?
O, in the while, how shall the realme be vied:
No, no: then Parliament should haue bene holden,
And certaine heires appointed to the crowne,
To stay the title of established right,
And in the people plant obedience,
While yet the prince did liue, whose name  power
By lawfull summons and authoritie
Might make a Parliament to be of force,
And might haue set the state in quiet stay.
But now O happie man, whom speedie death
Deprives of life, he is enforced to see
These hugie mischiefs and these miseries,
These ciuil warres, these murders & these wronges,
Of iustice, yet must God in time restore
This noble crowne vnto the lawfull heire:
For right will alwayes liue, and rise at length,
But wrong can neuer take deepe roote to last.



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